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SMETHPORT 9, BRADFORD 1

Fuller Holds the Visitors Down to One Single Hit.

OUR TEAM PLAYS EXCELLENT BALL

McCabe and Andrews Hit Hard—Eldred Beats Port Allegany and Mt. Jewett Beats Eldred in League Games.

Smethport won a decided victory over Bradford on Kane field here yesterday afternoon, defeating the visitors by a score of 9 to 1. Fuller occupied the box for the home team and convinced the most skeptical that he is still one of the best twirlers in the business. Just 30 men faced Fuller in the nine innings, 14 of whom he struck out. He gave one base on balls and allowed one hit, and the good base running of Naber saved the city boys from a shut out. Our whole team played fast, snappy and clean ball, and the one hard running catch of a fly in deep centre by Andrews brought the crowd to their feet. He made three hits, one being a two-bagger. McCabe was also there with the stick and planted three clean two-baggers in the garden and the fourth one, along third base line, was so dangerously close that many considered it a safe.

Smethport secured its first run in the second inning. Deming drove out a single and was caught going to third on McClure's hit and McClure scored on Andrews' single. In the third and fourth there was nothing doing but in the fifth McCabe scored on a two-bagger a steal and an error. During the sixth inning three errors, McCabe's two-bagger and King's single added three more to our tally.

The seventh is where Bradford scored. Naber reached first on an error, stole second and third and came in on Stafford's single. This ended the run getting and, after the visitors were retired in order, the game.

The summary follows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Andrews, cf	5	1	3	2	0	0
Hall, ss	5	1	1	1	2	0
McCabe, 3b	4	2	3	0	5	1
King, 2b	5	0	1	3	2	1
Croissant, c	5	0	1	14	1	0
Young, 1b	5	0	1	9	0	0
Deming, rf	5	0	2	0	0	0
McClure, rf	5	1	1	1	0	0
Fuller, p	4	1	0	0	2	0
Total	43	6	13	27	8	2

Bradford	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Steinberger, rf and 3b	3	0	0	0	2	1
Naber, ss	4	1	2	0	1	1
White, lf	4	0	0	1	3	0
Stafford, 3b and lf	3	0	0	2	1	1
Wise, c	3	0	0	7	5	1
Anglum, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0
Healey, 1b	3	0	0	9	1	0
Page, 2b	3	0	0	0	2	0
Delo, p	3	0	1	0	2	0
Total	29	1	1	24	9	3

Stolen Bases—Tull, McCabe, King 2, Croissant, Deming 2, McClure, Naber 3, Stafford.
Struck Out—By Fuller, 14; Delo, 6.
Bases on Balls—Off Fuller, 1; Delo, 1.
Passed Ball—Croissant.
Double Play—Stafford to Naber to Healey.
Time of Game—1 hour, 20 minutes.
Umpire—Backus.

MT. JEWETT 11, ELDRED 3.

Mt. Jewett succeeded in defeating Eldred in a league game at Mt. Jewett yesterday afternoon by a score of 11 to 3. Jessop pitched for Eldred and Benson for Mt. Jewett. The summary follows:

Eldred	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Armstrong, cf	4	1	1	4	0	1
Havens, 2b	5	0	1	3	3	0
W. Llewelyn, ss	5	1	2	2	3	1
F. McFall, 3b	3	0	0	2	2	1
Jessup, p	4	0	1	0	5	0
Traynor, lf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Slack, c	4	0	1	2	0	1
Stothart, rf	2	1	0	0	0	0
Total	34	3	8	27	9	4

Mt. Jewett	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Davis, 3b	3	3	1	2	4	0
Cleveland, 1b	5	3	2	4	0	1
E. Benson, lf	5	2	2	1	0	0
Gardner, cf	3	0	1	2	0	0
McCarty, ss	3	0	0	4	3	1
Maddigan, 2b	5	0	1	2	0	1
Magee, rf	5	0	1	1	1	0
Larson, c	4	1	1	11	1	0
J. Benson, p	4	1	1	0	1	1
Total	41	11	12	27	11	3

Mt. Jewett	2	4	0	0	0	3	2	0	—11
Eldred	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3

Bases on Balls—Off Jessup 1, Benson 3.
Struck Out—By Jessup 10, Benson 3.

FIRST LEAGUE GAME.

The first game of ball to be played in the McKean League was played at Eldred between that and the Port Allegany teams on Friday afternoon and resulted in a victory for Eldred by a score of 7 to 1. Following is the tabulated score:

Port Allegany	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Rogan, c	5	0	1	8	2	1
Ainsbrow, lf	4	0	0	2	0	0
Rowley, ss	4	0	0	2	1	0
Thompson, cf	4	1	0	1	0	0
Reed, 2b	4	0	1	1	2	0
Wise, c	4	0	3	2	1	1
Lyman, 3b	4	0	1	3	0	1
Sherwood, rf	4	0	1	3	0	1
Barnaby, 1b	4	0	0	1	2	1
Fulton, p	3	0	0	1	2	0
	36	1	7	24	9	5

Eldred	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Armstrong, cf	4	2	1	2	0	0
Havens, 2b	4	0	0	3	2	1
Sweeney, 3d	2	2	1	3	1	1
Jessup, p	4	1	2	0	0	0
Bernard, 1b	4	1	1	7	0	0
Traynor, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Slack, c	3	0	1	2	2	1
W. Llewelyn, ss	4	0	1	2	4	1
A. Llewelyn, lf	3	0	0	3	1	1
	32	7	8	27	7	2

Port	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—1
Eldred	2	0	3	0	0	0	2	0	—7

Two base hit—Traynor.
Bases on balls—Off Jessup 1, Fulton 4.
Struck out—By Jessup 10, Fulton 3.
Umpire—Bernard.

LEAGUE GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

July 23, Smethport at Port Allegany.
July 26, Port Allegany at Smethport.
July 27, Mt. Jewett at Eldred.
Aug. 4, Eldred at Port Allegany.
Aug. 5, Smethport at Mt. Jewett.
Aug. 6, Port Allegany at Mt. Jewett.
Aug. 9, Smethport at Eldred.
Aug. 12, Mt. Jewett at Smethport.
Aug. 13, Eldred at Mt. Jewett.
Aug. 19, Smethport at Port Allegany.
Aug. 20, Mt. Jewett at Port Allegany.
Aug. 23, Eldred at Smethport.
Aug. 26, Port Allegany at Eldred.
Aug. 30, Smethport at Mt. Jewett.
Sept. 1, Eldred at Port Allegany.
Sept. 2, Mt. Jewett at Smethport.
Sept. 7, Port Allegany at Smethport.
Sept. 9, Mt. Jewett at Eldred.
Sept. 14, Eldred at Smethport.
Sept. 15, Port Allegany at Mt. Jewett.
Sept. 20, Smethport at Eldred; Mt. Jewett at Port Allegany.

BOTH WILL BE ELECTROCUTED.

One of the Perpetrators of the Van Gorder Murder Confessed—Two Sentenced.

Belmont, N. Y., July 16.—The whole story of the murder of John Van Gorder and his half sister, Anna Farnham, at the Van Gorder homestead near Angelica on the night of May 3rd, was told on the witness stand yesterday afternoon by Guiseppe Verfacia, one of the slayers. For an hour and a half Verfacia sat in the witness chair and told the story of the murder. He made a desperate effort, by putting the brunt of the crime on Antionio Giorgia, who was convicted yesterday, to secure a life sentence, but the jury did not believe he told the whole truth. After 15 minutes deliberation they returned a verdict finding him guilty of murder in the 1st degree. While the jury was out, Antionio Georgia was sentenced to death.

Following the verdict of the jury Verfacia was sentenced to death.

Giorgia dies in the week beginning August 29, and Verfacia in the week beginning September 5. Pasquale Olivia and Sebastino Pizzati, the other two of the quartette indicted for the murder were discharged.

Their own stories supported by the confession of Giorgia and Verfacia and a lack of evidence to connect them directly with the crime convinced the judge that they were innocent.

Verfacia's story of the crime was as follows:

"On the night of May 3rd, I left the camp at the railroad track with Giorgia. We walked to Van Gorder's and hid behind a bank until dark. Then we went into the house. Mr. Van Gorder passed me a chair and I sat down. Just then Giorgia drove two knives into the man, one with each hand and killed him. Turning to me he said: 'You kill the lady or I will kill you both.' I was afraid and I drove my sheath knife into her body and she fell. I then ran into the road. Giorgia came out fifteen minutes later. He had a bundle in his hand. I said: 'Why did you kill this man and woman?' and he said, 'because they have money.' We struck across the field and met Olivia and Pizzari. We walked to Swain's station, where we took a train to Buffalo. The next day we were arrested."

The summing up on both sides was brief. Verfacia prayed fervently while the jury was out and repeated again and again:

"Mother, I'll never see you again."

Giorgia and Verfacia came from Italy about a year ago. Both of them have served terms in prison in their native land for criminal offences.

Requested to Leave Town.

It is a very unusual thing for Smethport officers to request a woman to leave our quiet little town, but such a request was made by Policeman Welch and Constable Jones on Tuesday of this week. One Mrs. Cuthbert was the recipient of this request and she most willingly complied without delay.

For some time past it has been known that several young boys were getting intoxicating liquors and after some quiet work on the part of the police the above named officers decided to make an unbidden call on Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert, who live in the old McNulty building on Main street. When faced by the officers they admitted that they had been giving beer to some of the boys. The officers informed the parents of some of the boys what they had learned and, as some of the boys had left for parts unknown, it was decided to request the woman to leave town and in case she complied to let the matter drop and therefore the incident is probably closed.

The giving of or selling liquor to minors in this state is a pretty serious offense and these parties can consider themselves lucky to escape as they did. The fact neither of the guilty parties are overburdened with the gray matter usually found in the heads of the ordinary mortal perhaps had something to do with the leniency of the officers and parents.

Girls Wanted.

Two girls for general housework. Good wages and nice home. For particulars apply to or address Mrs. Wm. McKeown, Mt. Alton, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA FLYER WRECKED

The Flyer and Freight Collide Early Saturday Morning.

TWO KILLED AND FIVE INJURED.

No Passengers Were Injured—Not as Bad as First Reported—Wreck at Portage Falls Sunday—Wreck on B., R. & P. Also.

The Buffalo Flyer, north bound, with three coaches of Shriners enroute home from Atlantic City was wrecked at Shippen on the Buffalo & Allegheny Valley division of the Pennsylvania railroad at about 4:30 Saturday morning. Two trainmen were killed and five injured. The flyer and fast freight collided in a fog while both were running at full speed. The dead are: Chas. Sullivan and Frank Cressella of Buffalo. Injured: A. W. Schenck, Harrisburg, arm broken and badly bruised; Geo. Hause, Emporium, baggage master, shoulder broken; engineer Lingerbolt, Buffalo, badly bruised; engineer Heim of Renovo, leg broken.

The wreck occurred at the foot of Keating Summit grade while the freight was bound down the grade. A heavy fog was so thick that all calculation of distance was lost by the engineers. The firemen, who were killed, were found a few hours afterward in the cab. The freight engine and first of two engines on the express telescoped each other. The second engine on the flyer mounted the two others and the tender of the first passenger engine turned a somersault, catching fireman Chas. Sullivan. Frank Cresella, fireman on the second passenger engine, was killed as he sat in his headstoned place.

At first it was reported that one of the passenger coaches had also been telescoped and fifteen or twenty passengers injured but further details proved this to be a false rumor as all the passengers escaped with nothing more than a severe shaking up.

Shippen is on the south side of Keating Summit hill, between Emporium and Port Allegany and the tracks were so badly torn up and strewn with wreckage that the flyers and all other trains that day came around by Clermont and Smethport.

A wreck occurred at Portage Falls, N. Y., on Sunday in which a number of Bradford people were quite seriously injured. The train was running through the town of Portage when the engine left the track and crashed into a tool house. In reporting the accident the Bradford Star in part says:

The most seriously injured person was Mrs. Harriet Coe. She was walking toward the water tank for a drink when the cars stooped. Mrs. Coe is 80 years old, and had not sufficient strength to withstand the shock. She was thrown violently to the floor and rendered unconscious.

Constable William W. Tadder was standing in the aisle. He was talking to Constable and Mrs. Charles Spreter, and he was thrown with great violence against the seats ahead. He sustained injuries to his right arm, body and hip.

Mrs. M. Love, once a resident of Bradford, an Emporium woman, Mrs. John Hurst and Mrs. Charles Spreter were all either cut or bruised, but not seriously. Minor injuries were sustained by many people on the train. J. W. Spencer was reported to have been injured, but he was not.

Mrs. Coe is in a serious condition at the Bradford hospital. Her face and body were badly cut and bruised and owing to her great age the shock is a serious feature of her condition. She has not improved any since the wreck.

Freight trains Nos. 42 and 53, on the B., R. & P., met in a headon collision while running at a moderate rate of speed near Carman interchange, shortly after 6 o'clock Tuesday morning, resulting in seven of the railway men receiving injuries, both locomotives being dumped into the ditch and six cars derailed, says the Bradford Era. The collision was caused by a mistake in reading the orders as to which train had the right of way. Engineers John McCarten and J. F. Glosser, Conductor W. McGinley, Flagman Nye, Brakeman Sage and both firemen were painfully bruised, all suffering somewhat from the escaping steam from the locomotives, with the exception of Nye, who was riding at the rear end of his train at the time of the accident. The wrecking crews were sent at once to Carman and within a few hours the tracks were cleared for traffic. The injured men returned to Bradford at noon.

Sunday at Stony Brook Glen.

The P., S. & N. R. R. announce another low-rate excursion to Stony Brook Glen and Hornellsville by special train Sunday, July 24. This will afford all a fine Sunday outing and an opportunity to visit their friends at Hornellsville. Special train leaves Smethport at 8:46 a. m., fare for round trip only $1.00. Return train will leave Hornellsville 5:00 p. m. and Stony Brook Glen at 5:30 p. m.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Representative Backus and Assistant Clerk Rogers have been spending the short recess of the Legislature with their families. The former says he is now ready to believe all the hard stories he has heard of the Pennsylvania Legislature, which is pretty rough on the "reform" Democratic House.

The contest for the watch and chain between the Misses Mary Reilly and Eliza Keefe was decided last Thursday evening. Miss Reilly produced 526 and Miss Keefe 282, consequently the watch and chain fell to Miss Reilly. Miss Keefe was very properly awarded 50 for her labors.

The suit of Weipper vs. Bailey and Briggs, before arbitrators, was concluded on Saturday, occupying nearly all the week. It seems to us a sort of one-sided suit as to legal combatants. The two oldest and most experienced lawyers of Smethport, Messrs. W. A. Williams and B. D. Hamlin, together with Cotter of Port Allegany, who is no mean antagonist single handed, were arrayed against W. J. Milliken. Mr. Backus was also employed, but he was only able to be present but one day. The brunt of the battle fell on Milliken, who was undismayed by the weight and number of the enemy, and proved himself equal to the occasion. His summing up was exhaustive and eloquent. We were unable to hear the closing argument of our friend Cotter, but those who did hear it speak very highly of it. Good judges assure us that he has it in him to make one of the best lawyers in this section, and we believe it. The decision of the arbitrators gives Weipper a judgment of $700, which will hardly suit either party.

Very quietly, without any demonstration, the iron horse has worked its way to and through the suburbs of Smethport. For weeks past we have heard various and conflicting predictions as to the exact time when the rails would be laid to this place. Last Saturday (Feb. 5, 1870) at noon it was rumored that the track was across the Potato Creek road, and with our consent a large portion of our citizens wended their way in that direction to look upon a sight which they have long looked for in vain. We saw no tears of joy—the weather was too cold to enjoy in that luxury—but everyone looked, felt and acted glad beyond expression. We overheard a patriarch in the cause of the development of McKean county by means of railroad projects, and who has grown gray in the service, say, as the engine came puffing by, 'This is the most glorious sight I ever saw in McKean county,' and he fittingly expressed the sentiment of all present. It seems eminently proper that some sort of public demonstration should mark the coming of this long looked for event, and we are pleased to learn that an excursion of the stockholders and invited guests from Buffalo, to whom will be tendered a public reception and dinner at the Bennett House, is seriously contemplated. It will be a pleasant ride for the visitors from Buffalo and and return, and we can safely insure that the citizens of Smethport will be only too happy to entertain the gentlemen to whom they are indebted for the boon of rapid connection with the outside world, as well as the citizens of our now near neighboring city of Buffalo.

Died—At her residence in Smethport, McKean county, Pa., Jan. 17, 1876, Mrs. B. R. Train, aged 22 years, 10 months and 24 days.

The deceased was born at Allegany, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1852. She removed to this place with her husband, Prof. B. R. Train, in December, 1872, and since that time has been engaged as an assistant teacher in our public school. She was a successful teacher and very much beloved by her pupils. Owing to her manifold and arduous labors in the school room and her household duties, she had not formed a very extended acquaintance here, yet her noble and unselfish character was highly appreciated by those who knew her intimately. She was a devoted and faithful wife, and the poignant grief of her husband can better be imagined than expressed. She leaves a young babe of eight weeks as a priceless legacy to her bereaved husband. The remains were conveyed to Allegany for burial.

At a meeting of the members of the Smethport Graded School, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased Him, "who doeth all things well," to take from our midst our esteemed friend and teacher, Mrs. Train,

Resolved, That we as a school do deeply mourn her loss.

Resolved, That we as a token of respect for our kind teacher, do tender our heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved.

Resolved, That it is only a just tribute to the memory of the departed that we mourn for her as one who was in every respect worthy of our esteem.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, and be published in the McKean, Miner and Cattaraugus Republican.

G. R. Brownell,
B. F. Downey,
Miss Emma Backus,
Miss Laura Bond,
Committee.

RECENT WAR COMPLICATIONS

England Aroused over the Holdup on the Red Sea by Russians.

A JAPANESE STEAMER WAS SUNK.

Story of Jrps Losing 30,000 Men last Week was False—Reports of Spirited Battles.

England has become thoroughly aroused over holding up of a British vessel in the Red Sea by the Russian volunteer fleet but the dispatches this morning say that Emperor Nicholas has taken steps to right the matter with England.

The Vladivostak squadron has gone into the Pacific ocean and it is surmised that it may do great damage in raiding the east coast of Japan. A cable from Tokio says: "9:30 a. m. July 20, the Vladivostok squadron fired on and sank a Japanese steamboat of 318 tons, off the coast of Isdyn, about 25 miles from Hakodate. All of the crew were landed safely at Cape Yesan."

London, July 20.—The Standard's correspondent with the first Japanese army, cabling under date of July 19, says: "Our right flank has been engaged since morning." The correspondent of the Times with Gen. Kuroki's army, under date of July 19, confirms the Standard's correspondent's report.

Ta Tche Kiao, July 20.—(Delayed in transmission)—Sharp fighting was reported yesterday to the northeast, where it is said the Japanese lost 10 guns. Their forces were pushed back and their position occupied as far as Siamatze. If this report be true it indicates a heavy engagement.

The report last Thursday that the Japanese had been repulsed with a loss of 30,000 men near Port Arthur is unfounded. No battle was fought on that day.

More Decent Than Their Critics.

Secretary Taft has wisely refused to put the Igorrotes at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition into breeches, says the Philadelphia Press. Worse prudery has not been seen than the ridiculous protest against the lack of costume in these savages, a protest which proposed to turn what was before nudity into nakedness.

The Igorrotes are a savage race, hardy, honest and advancing. Neither climate nor convention makes clothing necessary for them. It is, in fact, perilous. The Hawaiian race has been swept off the face of the earth because the early missionary put shirt and skirt where neither Providence nor the weather had put either.

The missionary is wiser now. He knows, as all men know, that a body whose whole surface is accustomed to air and evaporation can be clothed in a hot climate only at serious peril. The normal physical balance of the skin is deranged, and colds, chills and consumption follow.

But these things had no weight with the idiotic prudery and the prurient idiocy which saw evil in the Igorrote whether neither nature nor civilization, neither sense nor decency could see harm. But for a brief breech-clout, the masculine Igorrote goes bare. It is his right. Brown-skinned and shapely, unconscious and vigorous, he was giving a lesson much needed in the plastic conventions of costume.

It is not what goeth into a man, but that which cometh out which defileth. It is not the clothes people wear, but the thinks they think about them which constitute evil and bring indecency. One convention differs from another convention. There is one convention of the beach and one of the ballroom; one of the Igorrote and one of the white man. Our Igorrote friends were not brought to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition because they wore clothes, but because they did not.

Clothing the Igorrote would be as ridiculous as pantalettes on a piano leg. Breeching these unconscious savages is an ex-post facto indecency. If the improvement is generally adopted by them at home it will improve them off the list of the living. Fortunately they are to remain in the frank innocence of a brown skin, and the scientific accuracy of an ethnologic exhibit. Our civilization needs the perpetual lesson that indecency is as men think and not as clothes are worn or not worn.

Attempted Suicide.

Willard Taylor, aged 39 years, one of the early residents of Turtle Point, made an attempt to end his earthly career by shooting himself with a 32-caliber revolver last Tuesday. He had been ill for some time, obtained the weapon and fired two shots, both striking him in the head but neither one penetrated the skull. Dr. Colcord was called and the old gentleman is resting comfortably at this time.—Port Allegany Argus.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Potter Democrats Bolt.

Potter county's representative democratic club, the Knox Democratic club, has disbanded. Of its last meeting the Potter Enterprise says:

Tuesday night's meeting was one of the stormiest of the club. The burst of oratory, the terrible arraignment of the Parker-Hill-Belmont platform could be heard as far north as First street and many were attracted by the din. The trouble was all caused by the president of the club, L. B. Seibert, who is also chairman of the Democratic country committee, the bosom friend of Colonel Guffey, and his personal representative in this county, boldly repudiating the Parker platform and announcing that henceforth and forever he would vote and work for the Republican party, until the Democrats got into line for the old and cherished principles, now almost forgotten, and forsake the gold standard of Hill and Belmont. He would not and could not follow his party leaders in their bid for Wall street money and total surrender of those elementary principles of the old school of Democracy, and has sent in his resignation from the county and state committee. In this movement he took with him a majority of the members of the club, including those who have fought the battles of their party in this borough for the past ten years. W. L. Lillibridge, the late nominee for member of assembly, also with drew from the club and announced that he would not swallow the Parker-Hill platform. Seibert's brothers made the same announcement and others followed one by one. The secretary of the club, S. H. Glassmire, in a stirring speech, arraigned the bolting members in plain outspoken words and announced that he, regardless of the action of the majority of the club, would support the ticket. Others stated that they would not withdraw but that they would not support the ticket. This bolt among the leading Democrats of this county has been the main topic of conversation in this borough since Tuesday night. The trouble within the party is spreading outside of Coudersport and rumors are constantly coming in of leading members of the party in different towns, who were warm supporters of Bryan and Seibert, refusing to support the Parker-Hill platform. A movement is on foot to re-organize the club as a Parker club, but finds little encouragement. In view of the stand thus taken much interest is manifest in the coming county convention. It was openly reported that the Democrats will have "no ticket in the field this fall."

William E. Smith Dead.

Again the vicinity is called to mourn the death of one of the men who has had a prominent part in the business growth of the community. Several weeks ago William E. Smith was taken suddenly ill and the trouble was diagnosed as Bright's disease. He was taken to New York where the best medical knowledge of the country was used in his behalf, but to no avail and he came home, only to linger a few days among familiar scenes and passed on to eternity on Mouday.

The deceased was born in Milford, Pa., on December 1st, 1832, and was one of a family of six children, four boys and two girls. Two brothers, C. A. Smith of Atlantic City and S. W. Smith of this borough survive him. About thirty years ago he came to this borough and with his brother, S. W. Smith, has been recognized as one of the leading business men. Was an officer and stockholder in the Port Allegany Water Co. A stockholder in the First National Bank, and was for some time Cashier. He was largely interested in real estate here and had valuable holdings elsewhere. At Buffalo, Dec. 6th, 1887, he was united in marriage with Mrs. Hannah Irons, who survives him. The funeral services were held at the home on Church St. yesterday, at 10 a. m., Rev. Carl H. Dudley officiating. Interment in Fairview.—Port Allegany Argus.

At Smethport.

Mesdames C. E. Brown, S. D. Magee, C. R. Bagley, T. M. McClellan, of Mt. Jewett, and Mrs. E. O. Aldaich of St. Marys, journeyed to Smethport Tuesday, where they were entertained by Mrs. F. T. Charnock, in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. S. J. Tappin, formerly of Mt. Jewett.

The ladies are loud in the praises of the Smethport manner of entertainment as exemplified by Mrs. Charnock, and signify their willingness to again journey to the county capitol regardless of time or tide.

Mrs. Tappan left Smethport Wednesday for Columbus, Ohio, where she has accepted a responsible position in the Institution for the Instruction of the Blind.

Miss Alice Tappan, who has been spending a short vacation with Smethport and Mt Jewett friends, and was present Tuesday, also left Wednesday for New York City, where she is a pupil in a training school for nurses.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Lost—A band ring with Knights of Columbus emblem. Reward given if returned to this office.

A Recall To Honor

By EDWIN L. SABIN

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THE fair grounds were a kaleidoscope, concentrating at the race course in a tossing sea of color, for the Kirby fall racing meet was in full blast, and this was the great day upon its week's programme. Town and country mingled—a restless, babbling, good natured throng, occupying, rank on rank, tier on tier, every inch of vantage space, or streaming over the surrounding turf.

Sitting in the middle of the amphitheater Harold Durr eagerly gazed across the track, looking for Alice. He

"HELLO, OLD MAN!"

knew that opposite to him, somewhere amid the carriages ranged inside the rail, was her snowy parasol with its floating ruffles of chiffon. It seemed to him that this parasol—her parasol—ought to stand out before him blazoned with the word "Alice." But fifty, a hundred, parasols, all snowy, all massed in chiffon, met his straining eyes.

When some months previous to this date Mr. Redding had awakened to the fact that the acquaintance, ostensibly casual, between his daughter and young Durr was assuming a more serious aspect he very promptly set his parental foot squarely upon the whole affair.

For the present an engagement was quite out of the question. Harold was only a clerk, who, although he possessed abundant plans and ambitions, had not realized upon them.

It was better that for awhile intercourse cease. If in time Harold proved worthy, socially and in a business way, possibly he might again try his chances.

Thus, midst tears and vows from the daughter and indignant protestations and resolves by the lover, Mr. Redding carried his point. Harold entered upon an indefinite term of probation.

The odds were in favor of Mr. Redding finally yielding. He saw that his daughter was utterly miserable, and, after all, Harold's character was above reproach. Poverty was the lad's only drawback, one which the banker was strongly considering remedying.

Still today, as for many foregoing days, Harold was on one side of the track, Alice on the other.

It was now 3 o'clock. Several races had been dispatched, and the next upon the programme was of intense local interest. It was a contest in which were entered two horses which had long been keen rivals, whose owners had agreed to make this match a decisive test.

The fever of speculation was waxing more and more turbulent in the crowd. Harold himself had no idea of wagering. He had been brought up to believe that betting was wrong. Besides, he could not afford to bet, and it was his theory that usually the winners are those persons who do not vitally care.

However, everybody around him was betting. Everybody was talking horse. Everybody was telling of prospective gains. Banterings, gay assertions, playful threats, flew thick and fast. Men were coming and going, bearing reports of doings in the betting ring, for, despite the pretended efforts on the part of the meet officials, underneath the amphitheater pools were selling at a lively rate.

Harold felt himself alone inert. He was pervaded by vague discontent. Everybody was winning; nobody was losing, except the pool sellers, and they were legitimate spoil.

To quiet his unrest he arose and strolled out toward the stalls. Impelled onward, he descended and in an instant was seized by the mob gyrating about the bookmakers' stands.

A hand clapped him on the shoulder, and he heard a voice in his ear:

"Hello, old man! Want a good thing?"

He twisted his neck and looked behind him and saw that the speaker was Dicky Saddler—red faced little Dicky, a race track habitue.

"I'm not betting," replied Harold.

"Oh, pshaw," scoffed Dicky. "Put your wad on Seven Up—it's a cinch. Fact. Tip straight from the stable and I know what I'm saying. See?" And he was torn away.

Harold pushed through the throng and on the outskirts sought a corner where he might stop and think. His brain was buzzing. The contagion had been too unbridled to be resisted. Half unconsciously his fingers were crumpling and creasing a ten dollar bill in his pocket—all the money he owned.

Should he let the opportunity pass by? Dicky Saddler's tip—it had come like a command. Dicky ought to know. He was inveterate at the races, and he always won—that is, nearly always.

Mastered by an impulse to venture as far as he dared he elbowed a path to a spot whence he could read the figures chalked on the board beside a bookmaker's box. Seven Up was selling at odds of 5 to 2.

What a chance! With his $10 he could gain $25. He would use the money to start a savings bank account for himself and Alice. He had tried his best to save, but had been unable. Surely in such a cause betting was not wicked.

Thus he reasoned.

If only he had more money available. But the $10 was the extent. Of course there in his hip pocket reposed the $100 that he had received just as he had been closing the office for the half holiday. It was part payment on a piece of real estate. Mr. Benthorne, his employer, had gone, and the safe was locked, so Harold had placed the five twenty dollar bills securely in his pocket until the next day.

Now, not for an instant did he consider intrenching upon this sum. No, he was sane even if he was excited. And he was honest.

Suddenly he cast hesitation to the winds. He stepped forward and handed his bill to the bookmaker.

"On Seven Up," he said.

In exchange he received a bit of gray card, like a ticket, with hieroglyphics on it which signified that he had wagered with bookmaker No. 8 $10 to $25 that Seven Up would pass the wire first.

As he was pocketing the ticket and taking refuge in the thought that if he lost "'twould all be the same in a hundred years" his eyes encountered the eyes of Mr. Benthorne, who was but a few yards distant in the crowd. Mr. Benthorne smiled and shook his head. He must have witnessed the transaction. Harold, with a guilty sensation, he knew not why, smiled in return and sought a place in the amphitheater above.

Hardly had he seated himself ere the race was called. The horses gathered at the post. In the amphitheater somebody stood the better to see. Then the movement spread like a wave, and the whole amphitheater was on its feet. Somebody brazenly climbed upon a chair. Immediately the brazen throng climbed upon its chairs also.

The horses fidgeted. A wait, a shifting of positions, a warning from the starter—down they came; a cheer—they were off! And a very pretty start it was.

"Imp! Imp! Go it, Imp!"

"Seven Up! Seven Up!"

"Mascot!"

Voices shouted and shrieked in exultation, entreaty and encouragement. Hubbub reigned, engulfing alike the frenzied and the self possessed. Just

HE SPRANG TO HIS FEET.

behind Harold a woman leaned forward and, snapping her fingers, screamed incessantly:

"Come on, Seven Up! Come on, Seven Up! Come on, Seven Up!"

Harold, outwardly unaffected, said nothing, but with fervent curiosity followed the struggling bunch of horses.

"Seven Up! Come on, Seven Up!"

"Imp will win," calmly announced a man beside Harold, closing his field glass with a satisfied snap.

Around the last turn, into the home stretch, adown the home stretch, sped the horses, all but the two leaders enveloped in eddying dust.

"Imp! Imp! Imp!"

"Come on, Seven Up! Come on, Seven Up! Come on, Seven Up!"

A waving of hats and parasols, a volley of cries, and the race was won, but not by Seven Up.

"I lost a dollar!" Harold heard the woman behind him bemoaning. He abstracted from his pocket his ticket and stolidly scattered it in pieces. No more betting for him. He had learned his lesson and had received what he deserved.

Mechanically he put his hand back to his hip pocket to ascertain that the hundred was safe. During the interest attached to the race he had forgotten about this trust.

"What! Empty?" With an abrupt, cold tightening of his heartstrings his fingers rapidly explored. Scarcely could he believe them. Empty, empty, empty! He had been robbed, probably by some deft thief in the betting ring.

He sprang to his feet, urged by an inspiration to seek out Mr. Benthorne at once, inform him, explain to him, obtain his advice, tell the police, do something, something, some—ah, but would Mr. Benthorne credit his story? Ordinarily, yes. On this occasion, no. He had seen the bet laid—in truth, a ten dollar bet, but what was there as proof of the amount? The ticket? It had been torn to shreds. His word? If he had wagered $10, why might not he have wagered $100, comparatively little money to be placed on a favorite?

Harold could see Mr. Benthorne listening to the tale, could see him gazing penetratingly with those troubled, accusing eyes; could see him at the close sorrowfully walking away, speaking not a syllable in condemnation, but with a manner—oh, a manner!

No, he could not face Mr. Benthorne. The result would be the same in any

WITH DEVOURING EYES HE SCANNED THE CONTENTS.

case. He was disgraced. One hundred dollars was not much, but it was more than he could restore. To some it would mean nothing; to him it meant ruin. What a fool he had been!

And so his hopes of Alice were now as worthless as those bits of gray pasteboard underfoot, where disappointed holders had contemptuously thrown them. No doubt it was just as well. Alice must be learning to forget him—very likely, among her gay companions, already had forgotten him.

He pulled himself together with a jerk and hurriedly made for an exit.

When he arrived at his room he had his course planned. Forsooth, his choice of courses was limited. It was an explanation with his employer face to face or a note that would explain when the writer was far away. The latter—he would accept the latter. It was the easier solution.

They would not pursue him, to apprehend him, defaulter though he might be styled. He would quietly drop from view, and obloquy, denunciation and sermon would not reach him. Alice would be rid of him, probably gladly after her father had in glee borne to her the news upon hearing it.

An envelope lying upon the table attracted his glance, a blue envelope, addressed to him in her handwriting, a handwriting every dot and curve dear to him, treasured on many a scrap locked within his trunk. With devouring eyes he scanned the contents:

Dearest Harold—Papa has relented. Come quick, quick, quick! All is arranged. It's perfectly lovely. Come quick, right after dinner tonight. I can hardly wait. Lovingly, ALICE.

P. S.—Isn't it grand?

Brave little sweetheart! He had done her wrong. She had not forgotten him; she had not wavered. Resisting bribe and derision, she had clung steadfastly to him, week after week, and now she had conquered.

Too late? Should he say, "Too late?" Should he be the deserter? Should he fail her? No, and again no! Her words had restored his courage. She loved him; she had rallied to his side just in this hour of need, and no longer was he a craven. He would not flee his responsibilities, by his action acknowledge his guilt and abandon her to the graceless task of defending the name of a recreant. He would remain and defend his own name. Alice would believe in him and would not cast him off.

He drew a long breath and squared his shoulders. He would go to Mr. Benthorne's house and await him and tell him all. Mr. Benthorne might be charitable; if not charitable, merciful. He ought to have told Mr. Benthorne in the grand stand. It was to be a hard confession, but confess he would and meet the issues.

And after Mr. Benthorne he would tell Alice.

He reread the note, kissed it and tenderly placed it in the inside pocket of his coat; then, strangely buoyant, he went out of the door bent upon his mission.

Hugo and Garibaldi.

The French poet Victor Hugo, whom Tennyson addressed as "victor in drama, victor in romance," sent an impassioned but little known poem on the disaster of Montana in 1867 to Garibaldi. The Italian hero, also invoking the aid of the muse, replied in verse, of which the then exile in Guernsey expressed appreciation in the following felicitous words:

Dear Garibaldi—There was a lyre in the tent of Achilles; a harp in that of Judas Maccabaeus; Orlando sent—a copy of verses to Charlemagne; Frederick the Second addressed odes to Voltaire. Heroes are poets. You, too, prove it. I read with deep emotion the noble lyrical epistle which you addressed to me, and in which you speak to the soul of Italy in the language of France. The same breath of justice and liberty which inspires you with great deeds inspires you with great thoughts. Farewell, illustrious friend.

—London Telegraph.

Colds.

Every one knows when he contracts a cold on the chest. Not so with cold in the kidneys and bowels. The kidneys, however, are the weak point in many men and women nowadays, and they may be well protected by wearing a roll of white flannel, which should be about a foot wide and go twice around the waist for winter and once for summer. Try it, reader, if you have any tendency to bladder or kidney trouble.—Exchange.

A Telling Stroke.

The hare easily caught up with the tortoise. "Well, old man, you're not much of a runner," he sneered.

"No," admitted the tortoise, "I'm not. I think I'll try for the crew. You see, I'm quite at home in the shell."—Princeton Tiger.

A Distinction.

"Can a man patent a scientific discovery?" asked the commercial person.

"It isn't usually done," answered the scientist. "But some of them ought to be copyrighted as literary productions."—Washington Star.

TRAINING VOICES.

Quack Music Teachers and the Harm They Do Pupils.

"Ninety-five per cent of all vocal teachers are quacks," said an old musician. Few singers would doubt the assertion. Probably in no other kind of work can a man who knows practically nothing about a subject do so quickly a lucrative amount of teaching. There are many common types—the piano teacher who cannot get enough pupils to make a living, the broken down old time singer, the derelict of the concert halls, who never could sing himself, and many more. Their half hour lessons may be said to consist one-third of chat and gossip, one-third of scales and exercises and one-third of the singing of the pupil's favorite songs, all interspersed with just enough commendation and criticism to keep the pupil's good opinion of both himself and of her teacher. There are teachers whose training has not only ruined voices, but temporarily harmed general health as well. Over against these charlatans of the profession there are conscientious men and women who can detect faults in a voice and know how to correct them and who work carefully and enthusiastically for each individual pupil.

It is not easy to tell the good teacher from the quack, and you will find bitter early experiences in many a successful singer's career.—Leslie's Monthly.

AN ARBITRARY TYRANT.

This Autocrat Exists Solely by the Will of the People.

And it came to pass that in the very height of modern times an arbitrary tyrant ruled over a great country called America. The name of this tyrant was Everybodydoesit, and all the inhabitants of the land bowed themselves to his will.

Terror of the autocrat caused grown men and women to cast aside every dictate of common sense—sometimes of honesty as well. Children, overstudied, wearing out precious eyesight, cramping growing organs, yet mothers whispered under their breath the name of Everybodydoesit and the evil went on. Men bought houses and European passages, automobiles and other expensive luxuries, the cost of which was out of all proportion to their income. "Everybodydoesit" was the explanation they gave.

Sorriest of all was the case of the young girls. They patronized unwholesome plays, read books produced by diseased minds, they overdressed, abandoned the gentle ideals of their mothers' day and grew old before their time. "Everybodydoesit," they said.

And thus it was in all classes of society throughout the broad land. All men and women, young and old, recognized the sway of Everybodydoesit and bowed their necks to his yoke.—Philadelphia North American.

An Accommodation Train.

In the lake district of England there is a tiny railway which has only one train run by two officials, one of whom is managing director, ticket collector, guard and porter and the other chief engineer, engine driver and stoker. The train stops anywhere. It frequently goes off the line, but crowbars are carried, with which the train is persuaded to return to its proper position. When a friend of either official is observed the train is brought to a standstill. At one time, when the managing director was courting the daughter of a farmer through whose lands the line ran, the young lady would take her stand at a certain gate every evening, the train would be stopped, and the young man would kiss her good night.

Long Widowhood.

In 1753, in the ninety-sixth year of her age, died Jean Countess of Roxburghe. She was not a very remarkable woman, but her memory is preserved on account of her long widowhood, which lasted seventy-one years. Her father, the first Lord Tweeddale, fought at Marston Moor in 1644.

This Countess of Roxburghe's long widowhood is insignificant compared with that of a certain Agnes Skinner. According to an inscription in Camberwell church, this worthy woman died in 1499 at the age of 119 years, having survived her husband only eight years less than a century.

Be Just a Man.

Don't be a gentleman. Lincoln was a man. Who ever spoke of the "gentlemanly Shakespeare?" Think of describing Grant as a gentleman! How would it look in history to read about our great gentleman, George Washington? Nobody ever dubbed Solomon with the name of "gentleman." "A gentleman" is the snob's title for a do nothing, a fellow about town, a tailor made loafer, a confidence shark or a society stalk. Be a man.—Hayfield Mower.

Poorly Rehearsed.

"What is your favorite opera?" asked the young woman who was trying to make conversation.

Mr. Cumrox looked startled.

"I can't say," he answered. "My favorite poem is 'The Recessional,' and my favorite painter is Rembrandt, but I forget what mother and the girls told me to say my favorite opera is."—Washington Star.

A Good Plan.

Mae—Are you going to the matinee this afternoon. Blanche—No, I must stay home. The hairdresser is coming. Mae—Why don't you have two sets? Then you could leave one.—Cleveland Leader.

If you can't tell all you know about any one, don't hint that you can tell something and make it worse.—Atchison Globe.

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CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
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OLDEST CLOCK IN ENGLAND.

Erected in 1320 in One of the Towers of Peterborough Cathedral.

Peterborough cathedral has the oldest working clock in England. It was erected about 1320 and is probably the work of a monastic clockmaker. It is the only one now known that is wound up over an old wooden wheel. This wheel is about twelve feet in circumference, and the galvanized cable, about 800 feet in length, supports a leaden weight of three hundredweight, which has to be wound up daily.

The clock is said to be of much more primitive construction than that made by Henry de Nick for Charles V. of France in 1370. The clock chamber is in the northwest tower, some 120 feet high, where the sunlight has not penetrated for hundreds of years, and the winding is done by the light of a candle.

The gong is the great tenor bell of the cathedral, which weighs thirty-two hundredweight, and it is struck hourly by an eighty pound hammer. The going and the striking parts of the clock are some yards apart, communication being by a slender wire. The clock has no dial. The time is shown on the main wheel of the escapement, which goes round once in two hours.—London Chronicle.

THE TOWER OF HUNGER.

A Famous Prison of Pisa Long Since Destroyed.

"The Tower of Hunger" was a name given to the tower of Guinandi, in Pisa, celebrated because of the reference made to it in Dante's "Inferno."

Ugolino, count of Gherardesca (1220-80), was the head of a leading Ghibelline family in Pisa. Deserting the Ghibellines, he went over to the Guelphs. Afterward he returned to his own side and joined that uncompromising faction which regarded Archbishop Ruggieri as their head, until dissensions arose between him and them after he had killed the archbishop's nephew in a quarrel.

In the summer of 1288 Ugolino was seized by the Ghibellines and sent a prisoner to the tower of Guinandi, with his two sons and two grandsons. Here they were kept till March, 1289, when the door of the tower was fastened, the keys thrown into the Arno and the prisoners left to die of starvation. The tower, which was ever after known as the "Tower of Hunger," was in ruins at the end of the fifteenth century and was finally destroyed in 1655.

AFRICA.

The Way That Name Was Bestowed Upon the Continent.

The name Africa was given by the Roman conquerors, after the third Punic war, B. C. 146, to the province which they formed to cover the territory of Carthage. It was most probably adopted from the word "Afrygah," the Carthaginian term for a colony.

This original Africa was limited in extent. Its borders reached, according to Pliny, from the River Tusca on the west, which divided it from Numidia, to the bottom of the Syrtis Minor on the southeast, though Ptolemy carries it as far east as the bottom of the Great Syrtis, making it include Numidia and Tripolitana.

In later days the whole African continent took its name from this part, which in its narrower limits corresponded with the modern regency of Tunis and was called by the Greeks Lybia. Africus, the stormy southwest wind, was so called in Italy because it blew from Africa.

Implements of Warfare.

There is a story of a privateer's crew of forty to fifty men capturing a Turkish galley with 500 seamen and soldiers on board by means of a swarm of bees judiciously thrown among the unspeakable ones. However this may be, there are enough authentic instances of strange methods of attack to provide amply sufficient material for the casuist in deciding what is fair and what unfair in war. Burning naphtha, boiling lead, birds, carcasses of men and horses, Chinese stinkpots, besides the implements already mentioned, have all been used for offensive or defensive purposes in actual warfare.

Freak of the Lightning.

In 1844 a fishing smack off one of the Shetland isles was struck by lightning during a fierce storm. The bolt first struck the mast, which it splintered completely. It then passed to a watch in the pocket of a man sitting close to the mast and completely melted it. The man not only was uninjured, but he did not know what had taken place till he took his watch from his pocket and found it fused into a mass.

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Remember, Calcura Solvent cures 98% of all cases of Kidney, Bladder and Liver disorders. You may have a free sample bottle of this wonderful medicine, and descriptive booklet, by simply sending your name and address to The Cal-cura Company, Kennedy Row, Rondout, N. Y. Large bottles $1.00 (only one size) all druggists, or if they do not have it, send to the above proprietors.

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Main Street. Smethport, Pa

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Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

$500 REWARD FOR WOMEN

WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women have attained, the proprietors and makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhœa, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"There are thousands of sick women dragging out a weary, miserable existence, who would be well and happy did they but have my experience with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. Annie Lemmas, of 105 Jackson St., Atlanta, Ga. "Four years ago I was nearly dead with inflammation and ulceration. I endured daily untold agony, and life was a burden to me. I had used medicines internally and externally until I had made up my mind that there was no relief in sight for me. A friend of mine endorsed your 'Favorite Prescription,' and I determined then to give it a trial. It took patience and perseverance for I was in a bad condition, and had to use your medicine for nearly four months before I was cured, but what a change it brought from despair to happiness, from misery to the delightful, exhilarating feeling that only health brings. I would not change back for a thousand dollars. Your 'Prescription' is a grand medicine. I wish every sick woman would only try it and be convinced."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

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Will offer for the next 30 days special bargains in Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Screen Doors, Window Screens, Haying Tools, Mason and Royal Fruit Jars, Jelly Glasses, Hot Plates and Ovens, a full line of Hardware, Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Cutlery, etc., at prices below competition. . . .

JOHN C. HAMLIN

YELLOW TRADING STAMPS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, July 21, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Note change in Fry & Comes add.

—A band of gipsies encamped on the flats near the Camp glass works last week.

—Joe McAlee, formerly of Smethport, is employed in Austin and plays an occasional game with the fast ball team of that place.

—Chester Milligan had a hearing before Justice Knapp, Thursday, on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. Milligan was discharged.

—The Edinboro Normal campus has just been doubled in acreage. This affords the finest athletic field in Pennsylvania. Send for catalog. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—It is reported that George Massey, formely of Bradford, is now walking delegate for a large labor union in New York city, the position formerly held by the late Sam Parks. "Georgie" has many base ball friends in Smethport who will be pleased to know that he draws $9 per day for his services.

—The marriage of Miss Elizabeth McCarthy and Herbert D. Bowen occurred at the home of Max B. Phillips on July 9. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew McCarthy of this city and the bridegroom the son of Mrs. Alvira Bowen, formerly of St. Marys. Miss Jessie Bush of Smethport acted as bridesmaid.—Olean Democrat.

—The Potter Gas company of Condersport has purchased the stock of the Peoples' Gas company, also of that place. The consideration was $45,000. These companies have been furnishing gas to their patrons for the past several months at 12½ and 15 cents per thousand feet, respectively, but the Potter company has served notice that after Aug. 1 the price will be 22 cents.

—The Peterson Bros.' properties on Dawson and Bayard streets were sold at public sale Thursday by David Howells, trustee in bankruptcy. P. W. McHale bought the mill property for $2,350. Charles E. Martin paid $900 each for the two corner lots with the office and cottage building thereon. C. H. Kemp and P. W. McHale became purchasers of the other Bayard street cottages. August Linde bought the old Peterson homestead, consideration $1,325.—Kane Republican.

—Farmers are short of help in this section and farm laborers in all sections are scarce at this particular time. One farmer who was on the streets Monday offered $100 and board for two months' work, and there are a number who will pay $40 per month. With these conditions prevalent there ought to be few idle men about, as in fact, there are.—Friendship Register.

A Gypsy Prophecy.

An English magazine relates a curious instance of gypsy prophecy. The third Earl of Malmesbury, as Lord Fitzharris, was riding to a yeomanry review near Christchurch, when his orderly, some distance in front, ordered a gypsy woman to open a gate. The gypsy woman quietly waited till Lord Fitzharris and his staff rode up, when she addressed them, saying, "Oh, you think you are a lot of fine fellows now, but I can tell you that one day your bones will whiten in that field." Lord Fitzharris laughed and asked her whether she thought they were going to have a battle, adding it was not very likely in that case they would choose such a spot. More than forty years later the field was turned into a cemetery.

A Country of Linguists.

Almost every native of Iceland, even the peasants and fishermen, can speak at least one foreign language besides his local Danish dialect. Some years ago it became a fad to study languages, and now a person speaking only one tongue is looked down upon as extremely ignorant. English leads; then come German and French. Papers in these three languages are read extensively in Iceland and may be found in all the village reading rooms.

Windmills.

"I never knew till now why this was such a windy country," said the bright little girl traveling through Illinois.

"And have you discovered why?" asked her father.

"Of course. See all the windmills on these farms we're passing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Method.

Mrs. Newpop—Why don't you stop whipping the child? You make it holler. Mr. Newpop—I'm licking it to make it stop hollering.—Chicago Journal.

Cause For Sorrow.

Brown—Croker's down with brain fever. The doctor says if he recovers his mind will be a blank. Green—I'm sorry to hear that. He owes me $10.

That they are sinners few are willing to deny; that they are sinning few are ready to admit.

INVESTING MONEY.

Be Sure of Your Scheme Before You Risk Your Savings.

Don't tie yourself or your money up. Don't risk all your savings in any scheme, no matter how much it may promise. Don't invest your hard earned money in anything without first making a thorough and searching investigation. Do not be misled by those who tell you that it is "now or never" and that if you wait you are liable to lose the best thing that ever came to you. Make up your mind that if you lose your money you will not lose your head and that you will not invest in anything until you thoroughly understand all about it. There are plenty of good things waiting. If you miss one there are hundreds of others. People will tell you that the opportunity will go by and you will lose a great chance to make money if you do not act promptly. But take your time and investigate. Make it a cast iron rule never to invest in any enterprise until you have gone to the very bottom of it, and if it is not so sound that level headed men will put money in it do not touch it. The habit of investigating before you embark in any business will be a happiness protector and an ambition protector as well.—Orison Swett Marden in Success.

BITING THE THUMB.

It Used to Be Considered a Pledge of Mortal Revenge.

In "Romeo and Juliet" the servants of Capulet and Montague begin a quarrel by one biting his thumb at the others. Commentators have regarded this act as an insult, quoting the following passage from Decker's "Dead Term:" "What swearing is there, what shouldering, what jostling, what jeering, what biting of thumbs to beget quarrels."

Sir Walter Scott, however, in a note to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," says, "To bite the thumb or the glove seems not to have been considered upon the border as a gesture of contempt, though so used by Shakespeare, but as a pledge of mortal revenge." It was thus accounted to be a solemn assurance that at the proper time the sword should settle the dispute or purge the offense.

Something of the sort may have prevailed among the Romans, for it is thought that the Latin policeri, to promise, is derived from pollex, the thumb.

PRISONS OF SILENCE.

Where Convicts Ever Wear Shrouds and Sleep Beside Coffins.

Entombed in a grim castle on the outskirts of Lisbon are some of the most miserable men on earth. These are the inmates of Portugal's deadly prisons of silence. In this building everything that human ingenuity can suggest to render the lives of its prisoners a horrible, maddening torture is done. The corridors, piled tier on tier five stories high, extend from a common center like the spokes of a huge wheel. The cells are narrow, tomblike, and within each stands a coffin. The prison garb is a shroud. The attendants creep about in felt slippers. No one is allowed to utter a word. The doors are unlocked, and the half a thousand wretches march out, clothed in shrouds and with faces covered by masks, for it is a part of this hideous punishment that none may look upon the countenances of his fellow prisoners. Few of them endure this torture for more than ten years.

A Five Days' Love Story.

At the present time we are always talking about the rush and hurry of the twentieth century. Are we really so rapid as we think we are? Certainly few girls of fourteen have anything like the amount of experience and emotion in many weeks of life that Juliet, Shakespeare's heroine, had crammed into five days and a half.

The time is thus apportioned: On Sunday the ball took place, and on Monday Romeo and Juliet were married. On Tuesday Juliet took the draft, and on Wednesday she was placed in the tomb. On Thursday Romeo returned, and on Friday the hapless pair committed suicide.

The Japanese Baby.

The Japanese baby's head is shaved in a curious fashion, and never, under any circumstances, does the mother or baby wear a hat or bonnet. Nor does he wear shoes, even in the coldest weather, but his shaven head and his pink toes peep out from the mother's garments, and he rides pickapack, strapped on tightly, happy, chubby, smiling always and dressed, when he is allowed to get out of the binding garments, in the most dainty of kimonos, all embroidered and painted and decorated with the designs which are supposed to typify the final trade or occupation of the infant.

Amusing a Boston Baby.

Mrs. Beanster—Mr. Johnson, won't you please amuse the baby for about five minutes? Mr. Johnson (not of Boston)—I'm afraid I don't know how, Mrs. Beanster. Mrs. Beanster—Just talk a little. She always finds your western grammatical peculiarities so amusing.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Mistakes.

"I pity the man who can't learn anything from his own mistakes. Now, that's one thing I can do," said Bragg.

"Ah! You're always learning something then, aren't you?" replied Knox.—Exchange.

One radical difference between a boy and a girl is that the girl can get enthusiastic about a treeful of cherry blossoms without thinking of the cherries.—Somerville Journal.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

One of the oldest and best Colleges in the country. Good traditions. Strong faculty. Healthful and attractive situation, beautifully wooded campus. Commodious buildings. Adequate equipment. Five courses of study. Over fifty Elective courses offered. Only Phi Beta Kappa College in Western Pennsylvania. Moral and religious tone healthful and wholesome. Expenses unusually moderate. Help for needy students with good brains. Fall term opens September 20. Write President William H. Crawford, Meadville, Pa.

A WONDERFUL FACTORY.

The Sleepless and Busy Workmen of the Human Body.

Andrew Wilson, the English scientist, says the human body is a workshop. "The manufacturers are the 'cells' which form the essential parts of every gland. Indeed cells appear before us as the veritable workmen of the whole body, ranging from nerve cells, which rule us, to the cells that build up and produce our bones. Now, in the glands of the body these workmen, each a microscopic unit of protoplasm or living matter, discharge the function of making from the blood whatever product a gland may offer as its contribution to life's processes. The cells which compose our liver are bile makers in addition to their performing certain other curious work representing the liver's duties. Other cells in the glands of our eyes manufacture our tears. Others again secrete the gastric juice by which the food is acted upon in the stomach. A fourth set of cells produces pancreatic juice in the sweetbread, and a fifth set supplies the saliva.

"Tears, saliva and bile and so forth are all employed directly through their being poured outward on the food or into various organs. Even the oil that lubricates our joints represents a secretion which is perpetually being produced and insinuated between the surfaces that move one upon the other. When, however, we come to consider 'internal secretions' a very different state of matters falls to be noted. Here we meet with substances that are not poured outwardly, but inwardly. The work of internal secretion is performed by certain glands. The thyroid gland in the neck is one of them. This is a gland which grows very large in goiter or 'Derbyshire neck,' an ailment of hard water districts. If the secretion of this gland is not duly added to the blood disease of a very distinct type appears, and it is cured when the physician administers to the patient the thyroid gland substance of the sheep.

"Even the sweetbread itself, though it does make a definite fluid of use in digestion, seems also to supply a something necessary to the blood, for we find that diabetes is always of more serious type where the sweetbread is involved. Such discoveries bring us to the very limit of present day research into living functions. Their most gratifying feature in addition to their throwing light on life's workings is that which places in the hands of the physician knowledge both of the cause of disease and of its cure."

He Liked to Preach.

A Scotch minister tells of an old fashioned brother of the church who insisted on preaching two long sermons every Sunday. This feature in his character he exhibited in the winter months to a very trying extent. During the rest of the year there were two services, at 11 and 2 o'clock, separated by an interval of an hour or more, but when the days were short, as many of his congregation came from considerable distances, it was desirable that they should be able to reach their homes before it was dark. But it was not only desirable, but imperative, that they should have two sermons. This was accomplished by having only one meeting, beginning at 12 o'clock, and doing away with the interval. There were then two sermons separated by the singing of a short psalm.

Why Japs Admire the Carp.

The carp, which plays so prominent a part in Japanese decorations, is also the principal dish at a high class Japanese dinner. It is deemed to be the dish above all others upon which young men who desire a martial career should be fed, as its eaters are supposed to imbibe the courage of the fish. It is the bravest of all the Japanese fish and the only one that can swim up a waterfall. Yet when finally caught it will lie perfectly still while waiting to be killed. These qualities of bravery, strength and resignation are much desired by Japanese young men, and happy is the family on whose table the carp appears at frequent intervals.

Rose to the Occasion.

Once there was a man—a real, flesh and blood man—who made fun of his wife's cooking.

"I believe I could get up a better meal than this myself, Arabella," he said.

"I am glad to hear it," she replied. "You may get up the meals yourself hereafter. I won't."

Since which time they have been taking their meals at a restaurant.

Woman's emancipation depends upon her ability to seize the right moment.—Chicago Tribune.

Expensive Undertaking.

Business Man—Well, my dear, I have about made up my mind to sell out my business and go out into the country and buy a hundred acres or so and be a farmer for the rest of my life. Business Man's Wife—Oh, John, how lovely! But are you sure we can afford it?—Somerville Journal.

The Encore.

"That's it!" exclaimed Mrs. Bascom at the concert as the singers came out again in response to an encore. "Make 'em do it over again until they get the thing right."

On Trial.

John—How many servants do you keep? James—Keep? We don't keep any. About two a week come to try us.—New York Tribune.

Perfection.

Husband—H'm—er—what's the matter with this cake? Wife—There can't be anything the matter. The cookery book says it is the most delicious cake that can be made.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

CHOICE GROCERIES— USEFUL PREMIUMS.

A Catalog Concern Has Arranged to Supply Every Household With Both—Novel and Economic Plan Explained.

Every household in the land uses more or less groceries every week. The housewife's constant aim is to get the best edibles for the least money. This effort is closely connected with the practical side of life. It is a ruinous practice in domestic matters, to pay 75 cents for an article that might be bought for 50 cents. The difference between buying right and careless purchasing, may be turned into a handsome sum for a "rainy day," or old age. A little saved on each item of groceries bought will amount to a considerable sum each year. Now, what is the saving to be accomplished?

The C. R. Maltby Co. of Corning, N. Y., is one of the oldest and most successful business houses in the country. It has been dealing in groceries for more than forty years. Possessing larger capital, goods are bought in enormous quantities from producers, at the lowest possible price. Selling direct to retail grocers no extra charges are incurred for brokers, jobbers, or middlemen. Only by doing business in this way can any concern actually sell choicest goods for a price attractively less than any and all competitors. The Maltby Co. has arranged to sell its entire list of "Signature Brands" of choice family groceries, in sealed packages of various sizes. Included in this list are: Teas, coffees, spices, fancy fruits, cocoa and chocolate, rice, sliced beef, tapioca, rolled oats, cornmeal, popcorn, saleratus, condensed milk, crackers, flour, flavoring extracts, soap, matches—in fact, all kinds of groceries.

All articles are prepared and packed by the company or under its supervision. This means always highest quality and uniform, full quantity, also perfect and pure groceries. You can buy these goods in the smallest grocery and be equally assured of cleanliness and quality. The price is fixed at less than goods of the same quality and weight are sold for by any other firm. In addition the Maltby Co. facsimile signature is on every package. These are valuable. Here's where this concern shares additional profits with its patrons. These signatures are redeemed by a list of their hundreds of useful and valuable articles for wear and household purposes. Among these are: Corning cut-glass, all kinds of silverware, cutlery, watches and chains, toilet articles, razors, carving sets, furniture, desks, rocking-chairs, electric novelties, pipes, purses, suspenders, umbrellas, sadirons, all kinds of crockery and chinaware, dinner and tea sets, sausage-mills, talking-machines, food-choppers, etc. The value of each signature is based on the price paid for the package on which it is written. Its worth is counted and applied on any article desired, in the entire list. For the purpose of giving each signature a specific value, what is called the point system has been adopted. Each signature is worth a certain number of points. The entire premium list is valued at "points" instead of dollars. So it is that so many signatures, representing so many points will purchase a premium valued at an equal number of points.

These "Signature Brands" of choice groceries are for sale at all grocers. A free illustrated catalogue of premiums can be had for the asking. Remember the C. R. Maltby Co. is a wealthy concern of the highest business standing. It can and will keep its word to the letter. As long as you have to buy groceries why not serve yourself and purse the best? Buy "Signature Brands" and you will use no other.

For sale by Gallup Grocery Company, Smethport, and G. W. King, East Smethport.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction, together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

SPRING SHOES.

Spring is surely coming—don't be discouraged.

You will find new

FOOTWEAR

and we have the most complete line ever brought to Smethport for Women, Men and Children.

All Styles. All Sizes.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Kourse.)

LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

40152

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, July 21, 1904.

THOMAS BIGELOW, a noted politician of Allegheny county, died suddenly at his home in Pittsburg last evening, the cause of his death being heart disease.

IT is said that Parker would rather be right than President. Henry Clay was the originator of that phrase, and it will be remembered he was not President.

THE strike of the meat packers of Chicago was settled yesterday and the packers have gone back to work, pending on a complete settlement by arbitration.

MENTION of Chas. Byron and Robert Hilton as possible Democratic candidates for county treasurer is made by various members of that party. But it appears that neither one of the gentlemen can be prevailed upon to make the run.

THE Democratic nominee for Vice President has a significant middle name. It is Gassaway. The frivilous and facetious gentlemen, who write political paragraphs for the daily papers, will probably say several things of that name before the campaign is over.

PAUL KRUGER, President of the Transvaal Republic before and during the Boer war, died in Clarens, Switzerland, on Thursday of last week. With the death of the Lion of South Africa, affectionately known throughout the world as "Oom Paul," passes one of the most virile, rugged, homely, shrewd, far-sighted, dignified, yet one of the most unfortunate and pathetic patriot-rulers of a century.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 16, 1904.

Whatever the President does, whether in this city, or out of it, is read with interest by the vast number of people employed in the Departments here, as well as the population generally. While the work of the Government must go on without intermission, and while the heat of the city is at times intense, it is a pleasure to know that President Roosevelt is sleeping out of doors with his boys, or is taking a row on the Sound, crabbing or fishing, or sets a good example by chopping at the family woodpile, or is playing tennis, and perhaps is receiving delegations of visitors from all points of the compass who want him to settle the affairs of the world, and do it at once by rule of the thumb. Meanwhile he is preparing his speech to be delivered on the 27 inst., when he will be officially notified of his nomination.

It is denied that there is any politics in the recent strike, or that any action of the President may have taken has anything to do with current labor troubles. The fact that the packing-house magnates and their striking employes are willing to arbitrate their differences is proof that the trouble is non partisan. Nor is it at all probable, as has been stated, that the President has issued orders through the Department of Justice, that the injunction case against the beef packers must be taken up by the Supreme Court immediately after convening for the October term. The President cannot issue such orders. The Court is a coordinate branch of the Government, and attends to its business according to its own rules, without pressure from any source. It is as independent of the Executive as the Executive is of it.

Prominent Republicans who have returned to Washington since the Chicago convention, express the utmost satisfaction with the political attitude of the West. Senator Foraker of Ohio, who lives on Sixteenth street in this city, said yesterday that everything is calm, confident and prosperous in the great middle western states. He says the sentiment is overwhelming for Roosevelt, and he predicts a large Republican majority in Indiana and Wisconsin. Senator Dick says: "I am unable to see how the Democratic party has even the ghost of a chance to win. One reason why there will be no Democratic victory is the eminent success of the Administration of President Roosevelt, and the fact that the people have not forgotten the last Democratic Administration."

When one recollects the great success which has heretofore attended the efforts of Senator Tillman upon the stump, flourishing a pitchfork, and advocating the "shooting of the niggers"—success in disgusting the people and rolling up a large vote for the Republicans. There are those who will learn with complacency that he proposes to go through the same program during the next three months. Stopping in this city a few days ago to consult a throat doctor, he denied that he had been spilled out of an automobile in St. Louis, falling on top of Senator Bailey of Texas. It was not his ankle which was sprained, but his throat, and if it gets better, he said: "I will work as hard as I did in 1898 and 1900. This is good news for the Republicans.

The re-inspection of passenger steamboats by the Department of Commerce and Labor of this city, is now being conducted in a thorough manner, and some remarkable discoveries have been made. On one steamship many of the life-preservers had big holes in their covers from which granulated cork poured when they were moved. On some the canvas was so weak that it parted on the slightest strain. Secretary Metcalf has a golden opportunity to win the thanks and confidence of the public, besides rendering travel by water comparatively safe. He is quietly and efficiantly at work carrying on the great Department left by Secretary Cortelyou.

On the 7th of September the international Geographic Congress will be held in this city. After a four days session here it will reconvene at Philadelphia, and then at New York, at Niagara Falls, at Chicago and finally at St. Louis, reaching there on the 19th of September. Several hundred delegates are expected from all parts of the world, and 800 papers have been submitted for presentation before the Congress. Spanish, French, English, German, and Italian, will be recognized as the languages which may be used. President Roosevelt is the honorary president, and Commander Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., is acting President of the Congress. The Vice Presidents include all the Ambassadors and foreign ministers in Washington. Meetings will be held in the hall of George Washington University. Many gentlemen connected with the scientific work of the Government will read papers on subjects connected with physiography of the land, meteorology, oceanography, glaciers, and explorations in various far-away lands. A series of social entertainments has been arranged.

The new Secretary of the Navy has a brother named Joy, who lives at Arbor Lodge, the home of the late Sterling J. Morton, Secretary of Agriculture under Cleveland. Mr. Joy Morton is naturally much rejoiced that his brother has a Cabinet position under a Republican President as renowned as President Roosevelt. He has arranged to fetch a train load of eastern people to Nebraska city to attend a banquet which he will give to his brother Paul. The entertainment is booked for this evening, and the Secretary has left Washington to be present. One special train will run from Chicago and another from Omaha. Both Joy and Paul were raised on the home farm in Nebraska. It is sometimes the farmer boy who wins. Senator Fairbanks was an Ohio farmer's boy.

Mr. Cortelyou has arranged for opening Republican headquarters in New York City and Representative Joseph W. Babcock of Wisconsin, has passed through this city en route to take charge. Yesterday he said there is no danger of losing the national ticket in his state on account of factional differences. Both have agreed on the same Presidential electors. In no state in the Union is President Roosevelt so strong as in Wisconsin. He expressed himself as quite satisfied with the Democratic platform. "They could not have done better for us if they had tried," he said, as he took the train for New York.

Making the Best of It.

Capt. Harry R. Hyde, of this place, who lost his right hand by the explosion of a piece of fireworks on the evening of Fourth of July, has accepted his loss in a philosophical manner, and with a fortitude that is most admirable he has gone to work and learned to write already with his left hand. He wrote a letter to one of his friends while still in bed at the hospital, and now he is signing checks and other important papers which demand his signature. It is a hard thing to lose a right hand, but he can console himself with the thought that it might just as easily have been his head, had he not held the explosive up above him. We congratulate Capt. Hyde on his good nerve, and hope he may live many years and enjoy life in spite of the loss of his hand.—Ridgway Advocate.

Healthy Mothers.

Mothers should always keep in good bodily health. They owe it to their children. Yet is no unusal sight to see a mother, with a babe in arms, coughing violently and exhibiting all the symptoms of consumptive tendency. And why should this dangerous condition exist, dangerous alike to mother and child, when Dr. Boschee's German Syrup would put a stop to it at once? No mother should be without this old and tried remedy in the house—for its timely use will promptly cure any lung, throat or bronchial trouble in herself or her children. The worst cough or cold can be speedily cured by German Syrup; so can hoarseness and congestion of the bronchial tubes. It makes expectoration easy, and gives instant relief and refreshing rest to the cough-racked consumptive New trial bottles, 25; large size 75c. At all druggests.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending July 16, 1904:

Parker Howard (3), Molea Ginseppe, A. E. Robinson, Edna Sanstrom, Stefan Tanas.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Desirable Building Lots.

I have several very desirable building lots in this borough which will be sold at reasonable prices for cash or easy payments. For particulars call on or address Harry L. Backus, MINER office.

For Sale.

25 cloth bound volumes of Scott's works for $15. All new. Inquire at this office.

Four furnished rooms for rent. Inquire of Maurice Hall.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

The Smart Set

A Magazine of Cleverness.

Magazines should have a well-defined purpose.

Genuine entertainment, amusement and mental recreation are the motives of THE SMART SET, the

MOST SUCCESSFUL OF MAGAZINES.

Its **novels** (a complete one in each number) are by the most brilliant authors of both hemispheres.

Its **short stories** are matchless—clean and full of human interest.

Its **poetry** covering the entire field of verse—pathos, love, humor, tenderness—is by the most popular poets, men and women, of the day.

Its **jokes, witticisms, sketches**, etc., are admittedly the most mirth-provoking.

160 PAGES OF DELIGHTFUL READING.

No pages are **wasted** on cheap illustrations, editorial vaporings or wearying essays and idle discussions.

Every page will **interest, charm** and **refresh** you.

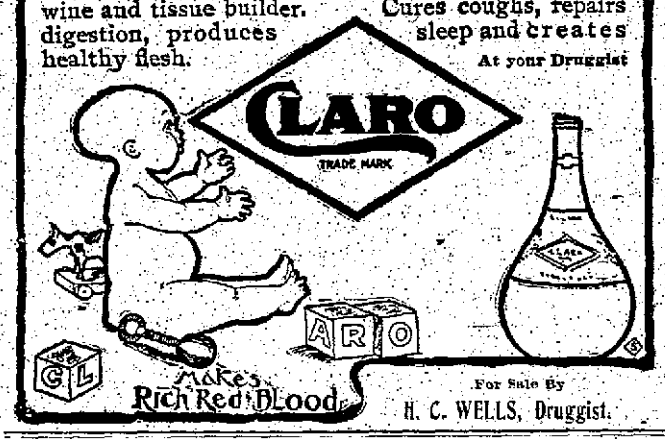
Subscribe now—**$2.50** per year. Remit in cheque, P.O. or Express order, or registered letter to THE SMART SET, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York.

N. B.—SAMPLE COPIES SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

PERFECT CONTENTMENT

Children, as well as grown people, made healthy, happy and strong by taking **Claro**, the modern tonic-wine and tissue builder. Cures coughs, repairs digestion, produces sleep and creates healthy flesh.

At your Druggist



For Sale By
H. C. WELLS, Druggist.

Westbrook Commercial Academy,
Olean, N. Y.

The School that Educates to Money Making.

A ten months' course here fits a young man to AT ONCE earn a larger salary than does a four years' course in any college or university, supplemented by the usual three years, special preparation. Ten months against seven years, to say nothing of the tremendous difference in expense! It is a positive fact—with hundreds of references for the proof. Young men stenographers and bookkeepers are at a premium. Our 23d school year will open September first.

Business, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, English and Spanish. Ask for rates and information. E. D. WESTBROOK, Principal, Olean, N. Y.

Brasted's ICE CREAM and Soda

with Crushed Fruits.

EDUCATION FOR BUSINESS

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COURSES
ROCHESTER BUSINESS INSTITUTE,
Rochester, N. Y.
—More Positions to fill than students desiring Positions—

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

PATENTS

send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure Patents and TRADE-MARKS write to

C. A. SNOW & CO.

Opposite U. S. Patent Office
WASHINGTON, D. C.

BIG BARGAINS

IN MEN'S BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

It is time for me to get ready for and make room for new Fall Stock. Business has been big so I can therefore make some big reductions in all the three Depts. above named. If you don't call in and look around you are surely out of town.

H. W. RUBIN,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

PURPLE TRADING STAMPS PURPLE TRADING STAMPS

Clearance Sale

Of all Wash Goods, such as Lawns, Dimities, Organdies and other thin goods

ALL GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT COST

Purple Stamps will be given with each cash purchase.

Also what Shirt Waists are left will be sold at cost.

Ask to see the remnant baskets as you will find exceptionally good values.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

July 19, 1904.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

McCoy's Drug Store.

We carry a full line of
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
EASTMAN KODAKS and SUPPLIES
PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
TUXEDO STATIONARY
and are headquarters for
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

McCoy's Drug Store.

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

Boys' Oxfords

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

Standard Patterns for Aug.

Hot Weather Stuff at Half Price

We are now showing an entirely new line of Ladies' Shirt Waist Suits bought at half price from an Eastern manufacturer and we propose to give the trade full benefit of these bargains.

Shirt Waist Suits, $10.00 value at	$5.00
Shirt Waist Suits, $8.00 value at	4.00
Shirt Waist Suits, $7.00 value at	3.50
Shirt Waist Suits, $6.00 value at	3.00
One lot in black and white at	1.98
One lot in pretty polkadot at	2.98

Big Discount on Shirt Waists and Wash Goods.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

HAYING TOOLS.

The genuine Little Giant Scythe. The best made	80c
The Forest City Scythe. A good one for little money	50c
A first quality Scythe Snath. None better	70c
Scythe Stones. We have three grades at	5c, 10c and 15c
Sections for all Standard Mowin Machines. Each	5c

We are agents for the

CHAMPION HAY RAKES.

These we believe are the best hay rakes on the market. We have both the Iron and Wood Champion Hay Rakes in stock and are selling the wood for $21.00, and the iron for $22.00.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, July 21, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The meat packers strike is off.

—This is first-class hay weather.

—Holmes & Gilfillan have a new ad this week.

—Our ball team is playing at Austin this afternoon.

—Bradford will have another race meet in August.

—D. C. Young advertises a Clearance Sale in his space this week.

—Smethport will play its first league game at Port Allegany tomorrow.

—Prill, the Bradford Jeweler, has an interesting change in his ad this week.

—The Ormsby Gas Co., capitalized at $30,000, has made application of a charter.

—A street fair is being held in Austin this week for the benefit of the base ball club.

—A number of East Smethport young people held a picnic at Prospect Hill last Sunday.

—The exterior woodworks of the school house is being beautified by a coat of paint.

—A number of young people indulged in a delightful dance at the hose house Friday night.

—Charles Masser has had a new stone sidewalk laid in front of his home on West Main street.

—The young people of the Baptist church enjoyed a picnic at Burbanks' crossing on Thursday last.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Strong on Tuesday July 19, a nine pound boy. Congratulations are extended.

—Hot weather stuff at half price is the title of an interesting advertisement of the Lindholm Co. this week.

—Supt. Bissett of the Baptist church will give an interesting bible reading at that church every Sunday morning during the absence of the pastor.

—Holmes & Gilfillan are busily engaged this week in moving into and "getting settled" in their new store in Dr. Hamilton's building. This will be one of Smethport's finest business places.

—A good sized force of Smethport men are employed in Clermont, there being a large number of buildings in the course of erection in that place this summer, and the town otherwise on the boom.

—County Treasurer Boyd asks us to announce that all mercantile and other state license taxes payable to the county treasurer, remaining unpaid Saturday, July 30 will be collected by suit, thus adding additional costs.

—While 11-year-old Burrell Foltz, of Shinglehouse, was bathing in Honeoyo Creek near there Monday, he was drowned.

—That the P., S. & N. R. R. is hauling some freight on their line will be seen by the fact that about 110 cars of coal and other freight was delivered in the Hornellsville yards one day recently.

—Dexter Moore, aged 73 years, committed suicide by shooting himself at his home in Jamestown Monday morning. The deceased was formerly engaged in the lumber and oil business in McKean county.

—At St. Mary's church announcement was made Sunday of the approaching marriage of Miss Nora O'Brien of Smethport and Louis Schlosser of this city, which will take place this month.—Olean Democrat.

—A. H. Pierce, Jr., and Herb Yerdon of this place, succeeded in making one of the finest catches of trout the forepart of this week we have yet seen. They had about 37 choice specimens of the speckled beauties.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 8 p. m. The subject "Old Enemies Pursuing," will form the lesson for the morning service. The choir will sing a selection of anthems at the evening service.

—The county commissioners have offered a reward of $500 for the arrest and conviction of the Italian who shot Game Warden Lougee of Wharton. People should be on the lookout for the fellow, for the reward is worth working for.—Potter Enterprise

—The B., B. & K. R. R. will run an excursion to the Kinzua Bridge Sunday, July 24th. Train leaves Smethport at 7:15 a. m., returning leaves the bridge at 8:30 p. m. Fare for round trip 50 cents. Excursion from Erie and B. & O. R. R. points also. A big time is promised. Be sure to go.

—Here's a pretty good late in the season fish story: Galeton has a cat which catches fish every evening from the creek at that place which often measure from nine to twelve inches in length. The feline almost invariably returns home with at least two or three fish of the size above mentioned.

—Last Thursday evening, two miles east of Ridgway, in Elk creek, Miss Ida Eichler, 19 years old, was drowned. With a girl companion she had been bathing in a deep pool when she sank to the bottom. The girl was a native of Dresden, Germany, and had for some months resided at Ridgway.

—Another Shingle House young couple have been made happy. Fred G. Serena and Miss Dema Handley hied themselves away to Olean on Tuesday, June 28, and were united in holy wedlock at the Grand Central hotel. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Handley, and the groom is a well known young glassworker in the factory here. They have many friends here who will join with the Mail in wishing them every happiness. They have gone to Jeanette, Pa., his old home, where they will stay until the fire goes in the glass factory here in September.—Oswayo Valley Mail. The bride is a former resident of Smethport.

—The new gravity yard for the Pennsylvania yard for the Pennsylvania railroad is in course of construction at Olean. The yard will be two miles long and trains can be made up without the use of locomotives, the cars running over a system of switches propelled by their own momentum until the desired track is reached.

—Clearfield county, which was formed at the same time as McKean county, is making great preparations for the celebration of the 100th anniversary of its inception. The ceremonies will be held at Clearfield, July 26-27-28-29, and will consist of parade, historical exhibitions, etc. In 1804 the county had a population of 785, while the present population is 101,000.

—E. A. Burch died on the way to a Buffalo hospital last Thursday. Mention was made in this paper last week of Mr. Burch having his skull fractured by falling from a building in Port Allegany. Later it was found that the skull was not fractured and that he died from a blood clot on the brain. The deceased was a well-known contractor and one of Port Allegany's foremost business men.

—Leo Caldwell, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell of Rochester street, a sufferer from smallpox, was removed yesterday from the family residence to the Isolation hospital for treatment. The case is not a serious one, but it was deemed advisable by the Health Board to have the patient taken to the hospital in order to prevent the disease from spreading if possible.—Tuesday's Bradford Era.

—Ethel, the twelve-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Bronk, was operated on for tubercular peritonitis at the home of her parents on East Street last Sunday afternoon, by Dr. E. O'N. Kane of Kane, assisted by Drs. Ostrander and Brown of this place. The little sufferer rallied nicely from the anesthetic and is improving as fast as possible. However her condition is very serious and the chances are not very favorable for her complete recovery.

—Charles Jeffries, the fast left fielder of the Johnstown, Pa., ball team, who had signed a contract to play with Wellsville, and who was expected to arrive in that place on Monday, was struck by lightning and instantly killed at McKeesport, Pa., Monday afternoon. The Johnstown team had just finished practicing and Jeffries was in the act of throwing a ball to the second baseman when there was a flash of lightning and he fell on the field, dying almost instantly.

—Last week we stated that Miss Maud Petteys had been operated on for appendicitis and a correspondent informs us that it was Miss Helen Rickey instead of Miss Petteys who was operated upon. We received our information from one of the doctors who assisted in the operation and had every reason to believe that our information was correct and we are certain the doctor gave us this name in good faith. We are sorry this mistake occurred but it seems impossible to avoid all errors in newspaper work. Miss Rickey is improving as fast as possible and on Tuesday was well enough to dispense with her nurse, Miss Linna Groves.

Nude Man Startles Picnicers.

There was an exciting time Friday afternoon at a young ladies' picnic at Boss' grove. This Adamless Eden was interrupted by a clothless Adam, who was seen coming from the top of the hill running swiftly toward the picnicers. The naked fact was too much for the girls, who manifested their disapproval of the intruder by screaming loudly. They fled without taking the trouble to take their lunch along. The man pursued them in all his nudeness until they gained the open fields. The girls secured the aid of some men who were working in the neighborhood. But on entering the grove the rescuing party was unable to capture the modern Adam. The picnicers secured their lunches and finished their picnic in a nearby orchard. The same man was seen by other people and word was sent to Chief Murray. Murray and a posse scoured the hill, but the "wild man" was not seen.

This mornings Bradford Era says this wild man was undoubtedly Patrick Devereaux. He was arrested near Lewis Run yesterday in a nude condition, while eating grass in an open field. Physicians claim that Devereaux is demented from the effect of strong drink.

Buggies for Sale.

E. T. Daly, the liveryman, has one of the best displays of carriages, buggies and runabouts in his salesrooms ever shown in this section. The leader is the celebrated Waterloo variety, but he has other good makes for less money. Call and see his stock.

Crol Oil positively kills lice, fleas, flies, roaches, bedbugs, moths, carpet bugs and all other vermin. Disenfects all ill-smelling places thoroughly, and destroys all germs of disease. Sold by Holmes & Gilfillan.

WANTED—At once at Ridgway, Pa., ten non-union plaster masons. Wages 45c per hour for good men. Also a few carpenters, wages 28c per hour. Bring this ad with you. W. H. Minor, contractor.

Deering

Horse hay rake, never been used, will sell at cost to close out.

Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

Geo. Rich of Bradford visited friends in town this week.

Miss Dewly Davis of Bradford is a guest of friends in town.

Miss Carrie Servatius of Bradford is a guest of friends in town.

Ed. Paulson of Mt. Jewett was a business visitor in town Monday.

O. T. Todd and family of Port Allegany were visiting in town yesterday.

Chas. H. Brown of Bradford was a business visitor in town yesterday.

Attorney John E. Mullin of Kane was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

Wm. Upper is passing his vacation in Toronto and other Canadian points.

Bruce McCarty of Coudersport was greeting friends in town Friday last.

Mrs. E. E. Heath is the guest of Mrs. Henry Gallup of Straights this week.

Mrs. Daniel Camp and son, Scott, of Bradford visited Smethport friends this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Mott Peters of Buffalo, N. Y., were visitors in town during the week.

Will Provin, Jr., of Bolivar, was a guest of friends in town during the week.

Mrs. Pearl Olmsted Thorne of Wellsville, N. Y., is a guest of Mrs. J. H. Green.

Miss Rachel McCarty left yesterday for a weeks visit with friends in New Castle.

Editor N. H. Knapp of the Austin Republican made Smethport a visit Friday.

Miss Carrie Eilings left returned Thursday from a three weeks' visit in Port Allegany.

Mr. and Mrs. Maudus Engstrom returned Monday from a visit in Jamestown, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Camp and daughter, Miss Mabel, are sojourning at Put-in Bay, Ohio.

Misses Ruby and Pearl Learn of Eldred were guests of Smethport friends over Sunday.

James Keefe of Buffalo visited relatives and friends in town during the the past week.

Miss Eva Hopper departed Tuesday morning for Johnsonburg, where she is visiting friends.

Mrs. Robert King and daughter, Mrs. W. S. Palmer, are visiting friends in Buffalo this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smart and four children returned Monday from a visit in Jamestown, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Richmond and son, Edwin, of Bradford, are visiting relatives and friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Andrews and infant daughter are passing a few weeks with relatives and friends at Rock Run.

Hazel and Paul McAllister of Colegrove were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Eber Dennison the latter part of last week.

C. M. Colegrove, B. L. Knapp and W. F. Specht were acting as viewers in connection with a new road near Coleville Monday.

Mrs. J. C. Gallup and Mrs. Fred Green of Smethport were the guests of Mrs. W. S. Albertson Thursday.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Attorney Sheridan Gorton and daughter, Rita, departed Saturday last for a visit with Friendship, N. Y., relatives and friends.

Mis Bertha Brown of Washington, D. C., and Miss Clara Brown of Wellsville, N. Y., are visiting relatives in Smethport and vicinity.

Mrs. C. D. Comes returned home Saturday from Salamanca where she visited her daughter, Mrs. Olin Goodsell, who is seriously ill.

Albert Servatius, who is smashing out long hits and gathering in flies for the Austin ball team, was a guest of Smethport friends Friday.

Mrs. A. M. Thamm and son, John, who have been the guests of friends and relatives in town, returned to their home in Bradford Monday.

Hon. A. G. Olmsted and wife of Coudersport, Hon. Henry Hamlin and wife, Hon. B. D. Hamlin and wife and Judge and Mrs. T. A. Morrison viewed the loop-the-loop and visited Clermont Tuesday.

Miss Bertha Kerns of Smethport was a guest of her friend, Mrs. L. H. Ingley, the past week. * * John Wilcox and family were visiting among Smethport friends the past week.—Oswayo Valley Mail.

Benjamin Young departed Monday for Denver, Col., where he has accepted a position with the state agent for the Backus Automatic Pin Setter Co. Bennie has many friends who wish him success in his new position.

J. Clayton Backus returned Thursday from a trip through the western part of the state introducing the automatic pin setter. He departed Monday morning for Atlantic City, N. J., where he is placing several machines.

For Sale.

A good sized fire-proof safe and a sideboard in good condition. Further information furnished at this office.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Call at Dr. Hamilton's residence for particulars.

The greatest line of Fishing Tackle on earth at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Y-R Fly Kettles only 10c. You should have one. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the MINER.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BELL 'PHONE — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

CLEARING SALE

Everything that savors of summer must go. We are determined to enter the fall season with our shelves clear of all warm weather goods.

Prices must do the business. Below we quote values that mean savings worth looking after. With two months of hot weather ahead you will do well to pick up these bargains.

WASH GOODS, 1-4 to 1-3 off

All that is left of choice styles in Fancy Dimities, Lawns, Batistes, Silk Mulls, Swiss Mulls, etc., in blacks and colors, at.....8c to 38c yd.

SHIRT WAISTS, On Bargain Table

About thirty good style waists in blacks, white and and colors, values up to $1.25, your choice at 50c ea.

FRY & COMES.

Busy moving into our new double store in the Hamilton Block. Tell you all about it next week.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

DIAMONDS

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

WATCHES

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

MILLINERY AND LADIES FURNISHINGS.

This week your attention is directed to a cut price in summer goods. Ladies' street hats sold regardless of cost to close out stock.

Trimmed hats go at a great sacrifice.

A good assortment of flowers and a new line of RIBBONS, all colors, just received, which you will not be able to find cheaper or of better quality in town for the price.

A few shirt waist suits and separate skirts to be sold at a great reduction.

A new line of white lawn and white silk shirt waists,

Ladies underwear, hosiery, belts, gloves, etc. A large line of infants' and children's clothes.

Your patronage is solicited.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

TO EVERYBODY

Whenever you visit Bradford it is our wish that you come and see us, whether you have cause or not.

Most homes have a man or a boy about and as long as we are in the men's and boys' outfitting business we claim the right to extend an invitation to you to call on us.

New things for spring are opening daily, and now that you know our wishes come.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. — BRADFORD. — The Big Double Clothing Store

ROBINSON'S CHANCE

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor warningly. The bishop, with a final hand pressure, turned to the car steps.

"Now, don't forget," he said earnestly. "I am not desirous of seeming to preach," his kindly smile flashing out for a second, "but if the opportunity comes give a fellow creature a chance. The way to make people trustworthy is to trust them," he added impressively. The listener nodded. Clad as he was in rough corduroy trousers thrust into long boots, blue flannel shirt and handkerchief knotted loosely about the powerful throat he looked a man to influence others, and the bishop, no mean reader of men, was satisfied.

"I wish that I could have remained a bit longer," he thought regretfully as he settled himself comfortably in the wide seat. "Four days is really too short for a parochial visit."

The man left behind heartily echoed the bishop's sentiments. It had been like a breath out of another world, this few days' intercourse with a lofty and cultivated personality. Under his own calm blue eyes lay an ardent and enthusiastic nature, which had as yet found but little to develop it. The bishop's inspiring talk had awakened an instant response that now made itself felt as an unsatisfied want. His eyes followed the train like those of a hungry dog, then drifted back to the primitive station, the long, straight line of tracks and the siding where a row of freight cars stood waiting for the morning, with a vague distaste for it all.

"Makes a fellow sorter want something better," he reflected, turning slowly away. "Give some fellow creature a chance, hey? Well, there's plenty out here needs it. Dare say I do myself."

With a grim chuckle he strode on down the narrow cabin lined street, where the afternoon sun was now flinging long shadows across its ugliness. Men in groups hung about the doors of rival saloons. Several hailed him, but Robinson only shook his head absently. Then, as his eyes fell on a man slouching lazily along, his face brightened.

"That pesky tramp has been hanging about for a week asking for work," he thought. "Suppose I try him. Here, you," he called aloud. The man startled, came forward suspiciously, his eye on Robinson's hip pocket. The latter frowned.

"Here, wake up," he growled. "You say you want work. Go up to my cabin then, fix it up and then—then wait till I come," his invention giving out. The man only stared, and Robinson's wrath overflowed.

"Don't stand gaping there like a blasted idiot," he roared. "Get along with you and double quick too. See you have things well cleaned up by the time I get there, or I'll make it hot for you. Here's the key."

Robinson's methods were convincing, and the man after one glance to assure himself of the speaker's sincerity turned and departed in haste. With a relieved sigh Robinson crossed to the nearest saloon.

"It's on me, boys," he remarked cheerfully. "What'll you have?"

When finally Robinson mounted the hill to his cabin night had fallen, and the memory of the tramp had entirely escaped him. To his astonishment the cabin door stood open, a thing unprecedented, and on the hearth lay the last embers of a fire. Recollection came swiftly, and with hurried fingers he lighted a candle to gaze about the tidied room. Everything seemed in order. But the man was gone, and, with an exclamation, Robinson darted to the cupboard, where were kept his dearest possessions. Those new boots! One glance sufficed—the boots were gone. In their place stood a pair of rusty high lows, and at that sight Robinson's rage found words. In fluent and picturesque English he cursed emphatically and categorically himself, his belongings, the tramp and all belonging to him. He even began on the bishop, but checked that. The bishop's theory might be good.

"But out here it's durned poor practice," thought Robinson ruefully. "Where can the skunk have gone? He must have 'em on."

There was practically only one way out of the town—the railroad—and a sudden remembrance of the waiting freight cars flashed across Robinson's mind. To seize the lantern, light it and lock the door behind him was but the work of a minute. In the next he had started down the hill on a dog trot, the expression of his mouth bodding ill for the tramp were he careless enough to be caught.

Into the dark, dirty car, where lay a few tattered relics, turned out now and then by irate conductor or busy freight hand, but always slipping back, came Robinson with determined mien, lantern in one hand, pistol in the other.

"Hold up your feet," he said sharply. The men roused, dazed and protesting from heavy slumbers, stared bewilderedly as they thrust out feet drawn from beneath straw or sacking. What new game was this? Robinson, heedless of question or criticism, after a quick flash of the lantern, hurried to the next car, leaving a wake of disgusted chaff.

Through four cars plodded Robinson, and then, in the fifth, he received a shock. From the darkness came a voice unmistakably declining to show the required foot. Robinson's voice softened ominously.

"I think you had better," he began gently; "otherwise I shall have to make you."

"Oh, please," the voice was almost a wail, "let me alone. I haven't done you any harm. Go away."

"Go away," repeated Robinson, fairly stunned. "Go away. And my boots"—

"Your boots! I don't know anything about your boots; indeed I don't. Please!"

"Feet up now," interrupted Robinson curtly. "Here, let me see you," slipping the lantern closer. A tall, slender boy in ragged clothing was revealed, gazing up with white face and imploring eyes. No one else was in the car, and for a second Robinson hesitated.

"But you may be a pal," he decided. "Put 'em up at once. Lord, what a fuss about nothing!" as a pair of small, travel stained boots made reluctant appearance. "You needn't worry about those. They look more like a woman's feet," with a short laugh. The sound of a smothered sob reached his ear, and Robinson, starting, bent lower. "A woman! Doggoned if it ain't a woman!" he uttered slowly. "Say, what are you doing here?" with a complete change of tone. The sobs deepened.

"I—I'm trying to get east," she wept. "My people are there, and I"—

"But how came you here this way?" The girl after a quick glance at the handsome, interested face felt her courage returning.

"I went out with my father," she began timidly. "Then he married again and his wife—she wasn't good to me. But dad always looked after me until he got killed in a fight. She got worse after that—she wanted me—I couldn't stand it," with a wavering look. "So I took some of father's clothes and got away. I hadn't much money, so I had to steal rides, and nobody suspected until you tonight. You see, I couldn't wear father's boots." The big eyes filled again with tears, and Robinson felt like a condemned criminal.

"Oh, say, don't cry," he muttered clumsily. In spite of its sheath of dirt and grime he could detect the fair prettiness of the girl's face, and a growing admiration for her pluck made him grind his teeth at the idea of what she might have to meet. It was ridiculous for a girl to think of such a thing. Yet he couldn't ask her to go back. Nor could he keep her unless— With a sudden brightening of his countenance, he set down the lantern and took both her hands in his.

"Look here," said he diffidently, "I'm a poor lot perhaps. I haven't got much saved, and mine ain't much of a home. But such as it is it's yours if you will only take it."

The girl, her eyes widening in bewilderment, drew back.

"You mean?" she asked faintly.

"I mean—I mean that I want you for my wife, little woman. Of course I ain't near good enough," huskily. "But I'll treat you well, and—I've been lonesome, for a fact, though I didn't know it, so if you could only see your way clear to favoring me—to giving me my chance"— His tone sank to entreaty, and the girl, who had listened incredulously, uttered a little cry and dropped her forehead to the hands that still held hers, firm, steady hands that any woman could trust. Robinson's clasp tightened.

"You mean that you will?" he said excitedly as a shamed little nod answered him. "God bless you, little woman. Say," struck by a jubilant thought, "I just bet you the bishop will come back and marry us."

And the bishop did.

Not Worth the Money.

A tall woman with a determined expression and surrounded by six children of assorted sizes approached the attendant of the menagerie and eyed him with a relentless gaze.

"What nationality is that elephant?" she inquired, indicating one close at hand.

"Comes from Africa, ma'am," said the attendant.

"He's dreadful light colored to have come from tropical parts," said the woman sternly. "And look here," she added as the attendant started away from her family group; "they've got a mighty poor lot of camels here, according to my lights. Not but one hump on any of 'em except that feller that's so old he keeps his eyes shut."

The attendant again essayed to depart, but she clutched him by the sleeve.

"You tell the owners of this show what I say," she commanded. "You tell 'em that when a woman pays 50 cents for herself and one-fifty for a mess of children she looks to see more'n one double humper and more hair on the single humpers, not have 'em look as if the moths had got into 'em. Now, mind you tell 'em."

Improving a Cigar by Putting It Out.

Lighting a new Havana, a downtown professional man, after taking a few whiffs, blew into his cigar and forced a lot of smoke out of the fiery end. Then he laid it aside and permitted the spark to die out.

When asked for an explanation, he said: "Well, I learned that habit some years ago, and I find that a cigar which has been lighted and then allowed to go out makes a much better smoke. I take several vigorous draws in order to bring the heat well through the weed. If a cigar becomes cold while it is saturated with smoke it has a musty odor; consequently it is necessary to blow steadily and quite hard before extinguishing the spark in order to clear out all the smoke that has been drawn in between the layers of tobacco. After permitting the cigar to be ten or fifteen minutes or even a half hour I find on relighting it that the flavor has greatly improved. The why and wherefore I am not philosophical enough to explain, but I know it makes a cigar better. It also improves a toby. Try it and you'll agree with me."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

MONEY MADNESS.

The Evils of the Mania For Getting Rich in a Hurry.

The mania for getting rich—the mad false idea that we must have money—has played worse havoc among ambitious people than war or pestilence. A member of the Chicago board of trade says that the men and women of this country contribute $100,000,000 a year to the sharpers who promise to make them rich quick. They work the same old scheme of a confidential letter and shrewd baiting until the victim parts with his money. Thousands are plodding along in poverty and deprivation, chagrined and humiliated because they have not been able to get up in the world or to realize their ambitions, for the reason that they succumbed to the scheme of some smooth promoter who hypnotized them into the belief that they could make a great deal very quickly out of a very little.

The great fever of trying to make a dollar earn $5 is growing more and more contagious. We see even women secretly going into brokers' offices and "bucket shops," investing everything they have in all sorts of schemes, drawing their deposits out of the banks, sometimes pawning their jewelry—even their engagement rings—and borrowing, hoping to make a lot of money before their husbands or families find it out and then to surprise them with the results, but in most cases what they invest is hopelessly lost.

Thousands of young Americans are so tied up by financial or other entanglements even before they get fairly started in their life work that they can only transmute a tithe into that which will count in their lives. A large part of it is lost on the way up, as the energy of the coal is nearly all lost before it reaches the electric bulb.—Orison Swett Marden in Success.

THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

Plato's Early Efforts to Define This Intangible Quality.

In Harper's Magazine C. H. Hinton writes on the much debated question of "The Fourth Dimension." In opening his article he cites Plato as an early exponent of this idea.

"Plato, at the beginning of the seventh book of the Republic, describes a set of prisoners who are held in chains before the mouth of a great cavern, bound so that they cannot turn their faces in any other direction than looking straight into the cavern.

"On the wall in which the cavern ends they see their shadows projected by the sun. Their only experience of objects is derived by watching these shadows. If passers by traverse the roadway behind them all they see is the shadows of these passers by on the wall. If an object strikes them what they see is the shadow of that object striking the shadows of themselves.

"Plato draws the conclusion that they would identify themselves with their shadows. Since events occurring among these shadow forms are the invariable accompaniments of all their sensations they would think that they themselves were those shadows and lived and moved in a shadow world.

"Now the shadows can only move on the surface of the wall. They cannot approach and recede from it; hence the prisoners think of themselves as having a two dimensional existence only. And, says Plato, as these prisoners think of themselves as less than they really are, so we in our turn think of ourselves as less than we really are. His philosophy was an effort to find that greater which we really are."

The Limit.

A number of actors were discussing recently the merits of different boarding houses in a certain city, and the argument turned on the comparative meagerness of the table board provided by the various landladies. One of the party who had listened quietly to the talk now spoke up.

"If one of you fellows really wants to put yourself on a rigid diet," he said, "go to Mrs. ——'s boarding house in Cincinnati. I came down to breakfast there one morning, and the servant waltzed up and asked me if I'd have ham or eggs. I said I didn't want to be grasping and ordered the yolk of an egg—said I'd have the white of it for lunch."—Harper's Weekly.

He Likes Mothers-in-law.

That a mother-in-law is not always an unwelcome adjunct to the family is proved in a wholesale way in the case of a Bavarian who is steward on a large estate in Monaco. He lost two wives, but in both instances after their death he retained the mothers-in-law, and now he has taken unto himself wife No. 3, who comes into his home accompanied by her mother as well as three unmarried sisters. All these good women, who constitute his household, are said to dwell together in peace and harmony.

Hesitated and Didn't Lose.

"Never was glad for this impediment in my speech but once," said the man from the country.

"When was that?"

"Fe-fe-fellow asked me h-h-how much I would take for a-a horse, and while I-I-I was t-trying to tell him $40 he offered me $50."—Kennebec Journal.

Judgment Deferred.

"What do you think of a man who would spend thousands upon thousands of dollars in politics?"

"I can't tell what I think of him," answered Senator Sorghum, "until I see whether he gets the office or not."—Washington Star.

Soured.

Mrs. Candle—You used to say that you could eat me, Candle—That was when I thought you would agree with me.—Town Topics.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

MEN'S DRESS CLOTHES.

How the Change From Colored Garments to Black Was Effected.

It puzzles us often, too, to know how it is that for so many different occasions black is considered to be the most fashionable shade for our masculine attire and not merely fashionable, but the only proper one, for which in our society there is no alternative. It may be argued, as it is with the silk hat, that it is so severely respectable, but if we could accustom ourselves to the idea the same might be said of white, which would have the advantage of being much less gloomy. Clearly the black is an old fashion, and as for its application to evening dress, in which it is most of all de rigueur now, while there was a time when our ancestors might tastefully dress themselves in almost all the colors of the rainbow for the evening, the adoption of black simply came about through a paragraph in a celebrated novel, and it is the latter we have to thank for the fact that we are not now permitted to wear aught but the most solemn garments at the time when we feel, to say the least, more satisfied with all about us and the world in general than at any other period of the day. Bulwer Lytton's novel, "Pelham," was the culprit, and it is a letter in this book purporting to have been written by Lady Frances Pelham to her son that set the fashion. Lady Frances writes: "Apropos of the complexion, I did not like that blue coat you wore when I last saw you. You look best in black, which is a great compliment for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so." The man of the day read these lines and weighed them carefully, and what more natural than that he should straightway come to the conclusion that black was the one shade which for evening wear suited him perfectly? As soon as he could he discarded all his colors and took to it, every man of him.—Chambers' Journal.

PROSPERITY PROMOTERS.

Push—The force by which one's ideals are converted into realities.

Punctuality—A saver of time and temper. A creator of confidence.

Politeness—The golden key that unlocks the door to many an opportunity.

Principle—A self imposed rule of right conduct which governs every action.

Penetration—The ability to foresee events and consequently to provide for them.

Poise—The power of self control which often makes one master of the situation.

Precision—The habit of being accurate and thus of averting annoyances arising from error.

Prudence—The practice of acting with discretion and of wisely husbanding one's resources.

Perception—The happy faculty which enables one intuitively to say and do the right thing at the right time.

Perseverance—The characteristic which impels one steadfastly to pursue the object in view with an invincible determination to triumph over all opposition.—Equitable Record.

Too Late.

Daniel Webster used to tell a story about an old woman who was very ill and went into a trance. They all thought she was dead, and when she opened her eyes her husband said in a surprised tone, "Why, Mandy, we thought ye wuz dead." The poor old woman looked at her husband a moment, and then she burst into tears. "And ye never bawled a bit," she sobbed. "Ye thought I wuz dead, and yer eyes wuz dry. Couldn't ye have bawled a little bit, Jabez?" The old man was deeply moved, and he did actually bawl then. But his wife said sadly: "It's too late now. Dry yer eyes. If I'd really been dead and ye'd bawled 'twould have done me some good. But it's too late now."

What Wealth Brings.

The late Colonel Ingersoll was talking one day with a group of friends when the subject of wealth and the desire of most men to accumulate money was discussed.

"I never could understand it," said the colonel. "Just imagine a man with 800,000 hats, 400,000 pairs of shoes, 1,000,000 pairs of gloves, 6,000,000 handkerchiefs, 200,000 pairs of suspenders and a train load of neckties getting up before daylight and exerting every energy until late at night in order that he may make enough money to buy himself another necktie!"

Label Paste.

To make a good paste for labels mix together with cold water until they form a smooth cream four ounces of flour and an ounce and a half of brown sugar. Then pour in boiling water, stirring all the time till the right consistency is obtained. Add five or six drops of carbolic acid to keep the paste from becoming sour, and when it has been well stirred in the compound will be fit for use.

Nothing Dull About It.

"It's funny the way poets speak of 'dull care,' isn't it?"

"Why, what's funny about that?"

"Well, every care I ever had was most awfully sharp."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Elements.

Teacher—What are the elements of the world? Boy—Earth, water, fire, air and— Teacher—That's all, isn't it? Boy—And the lawless element.—Yonkers Herald.

Burglar Reminiscences.

Young Burglar—What did you get on your first haul? Old Burglar—Five years.—Detroit Free Press.

INSURANCE. Life, Fire and Accident written by W. F. SPECHT SMETHPORT, PA. In good, reliable companies.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Manon, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J.M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrison's.
Prothonotary—S. B. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—E. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hamberg, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. W. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. A. JANDORFER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work in Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FUNCHION, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2373, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PRINCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall. Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
Mrs. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10: a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 3 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elisabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Junior Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY ALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.
Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:30 a. m.—Train 181 week days, for Sunbury, Williamsport, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations; arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:50 p. m., Baltimore 6:50 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:30 p.m., New York 10:25 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:15 a. m. Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:25 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:35 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:26 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:35 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH.	STATIONS	SOUTH
A M Lv		Ar P M
9:20	Ridgway	12:01
9:40	Johnsonburg	11:35
9:56	Glen Hazel	11:19
10:07	Freight	11:07
10:12	Instanter	11:02
10:20	Smith's Run	10:55
10:29	Woodvale	10:45
10:55	Clermont	10:20
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 9 leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 3, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 19th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simmson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Kane, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate; and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:35 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:10 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. East and West, and at Kane with P. & R. R. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 3:30 and 5:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 a. m (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y.
A. E. Campbell, Gen'l Supt Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R

Effective May 29, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:30 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:48 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:40 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:33 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:03 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 5:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 5:35 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

3:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 3:50 p. m.) connecting with P. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:05 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 p. m.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 2:20 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean, 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAROney, General Supt.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward.			STATIONS.	L'v Westward.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar	Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.16
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd June	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.55	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.30
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coud'p't.	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.28
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.10	0	0	Chem. Works	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.05	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.

Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.

The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.

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The regular subscription price of th World is one dollar.

A Foreordained Partnership

By Curran Richard Greenley

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It was all over, and General Marvin lay under the live oaks, while Miss Rebecca sat alone in the darkened parlor. Now the burden lay with her alone, and she followed wearily the trail of the years that had brought only trouble and loss.

Jessica stood still in the doorway at sight of the bowed head. She could find no words to say, but she drew Miss Rebecca's head down and held her close to her strong young arms. Miss Rebecca lifted a hopeless face. "Child, I do not mourn for him. It is for you. Jessica, this old house and a pitiful ten acres is all that is left, and even that cannot be sold during my lifetime. There is nothing, nothing! Don't talk to me now. I cannot bear it. I must try to think." And Miss Rebecca crept away to her room.

Left to herself, the girl stood looking out toward the clump of live oaks that towered above the general's grave. She remembered that there had always been little economics practiced by Miss Rebecca, and the days when the general would shut himself in with a mass of papers—always after the visits of those men from town. Now the end had come. But the old home was still theirs, even though shorn of its broad acres, and an idea came to her. That night she wrote the letter that went in the northern mail, signed with the boyish scrawl of "J. L. Marvin."

* * * * * * *

Business was unusually dull in the office of Reppliер Bros., florists, and the morning mail received instant attention. James Reppliер tossed a letter across to his brother John. "Read that, John."

Reppliер Bros.

Gentlemen—Is there any market for cut flowers direct from the south—cape jasmine, English violets, roses and all varieties of the lily? Can make arrangements for packing and shipping to arrive in good condition. I should be glad to receive orders. Respectfully,

J. L. MARVIN.

Aldana, Miss.

John Reppliер laid the letter down and looked up inquiringly. "Might be a good idea. What do you think?"

"Well! We will be pretty apt to need a large supply in the next forty-eight hours, as that Garling funeral will call for more than we can furnish from our own plant.

Ten minutes later the message went off that electrified the household at Bois d'Arc:

Send all available blooms. Letter to follow. Terms guaranteed.

REPPLIER BROS.

Miss Rebecca was bewildered at the very idea of money to be gained from the profusion that rioted in hedge and arbor and over the waste of unkempt gardens, but Jessica rallied the idle negroes and worked all night until the dawn, when Uncle Reuben drove down to Aldana with a wagon load of baskets filled to the brim with fragrant merchandise.

Evening brought the letter that made possibility certainty, and busy days followed for Jessica. More land was leased and a little office constructed in the old weighing-room of the gin that now served as a packing room. Miss Rebecca willingly let go the reins of Bois d'Arc into Jessica's hands. Once more Aunt Alisa rejoiced in a well filled pantry, and bit by bit the old border was restored, excepting always the tall, soldierly figure that had moved out from among them forever.

November had come, and a soft haze lay over the sunny fields, and a tang of frost lurked in the breeze. Jessica lay in the hammock under the pines, her loosened hair blown back in a ruddy halo and the bars of sunlight flecking the smooth olive of her rounded cheek with golden light as she swayed back and forth, a picture that held the intruder silent until the crunching of the pine needles beneath his feet brought Jessica to herself. That he was very good to look at was patent at the first glance. The athletic figure, keen, dark eyes and smiling mouth made James Reppliер an interesting study to the inlid feminine.

"I beg pardon, but is this Bois d'Arc, the Marvin plantation?"

"Yes; this is Bois d'Arc. I am the manager."

"You? J. L. Marvin?" Reppliер stared blankly. "But we had supposed"—

"That I were a man?" she broke in nervously, then, looking at the card that he handed her, "Mr. Reppliер?" and a little later Reppliер found himself in the dim old parlor receiving the gentle welcome of Miss Rebecca.

He was carried away with Bois d'Arc and its vague air of a better time that dimly expressed the actual assured position that had been his life motive. Self made from the days of drifting waifhood, when the two homeless boys had struggled against the current of the Chicago streets, it had been an uphill fight, with little time for the softer things of life, and here the stately rooms where the sunlight filtered through the small paned windows to fall on faces of dead and gone Marvins, the quaint wainscoted dining room, with its time stained treasures; the white table, with its glitter of silver and glass; the sweetness of flowers and the two gentlewomen so different from all the women that he had encountered in the rush of the city—he decided there and then to linger as long as he decently could, answering abstractedly to the running fire of bright nonsense that Jessica kept up. He felt that somehow he had always known that soft voice and rippling laugh.

He followed her into the garden, where the moonlight gleamed over snowy masses of chrysanthemums that stood in tall ranks. A magic dwelt in the winding alleys of that old garden, walled in by the lush fragrance of roses. Desperately, helplessly, he went down before that small maiden who talked on of flowers and still of flowers and grew very impatient of his irrelevant replies. At last she ventured, "You expected to consult with Mr. Marvin as to the business for the coming season?"

Reppliер pulled himself together and came out of the clouds. He had forgotten his errand.

"Yes; I had a proposition to make from our firm. You have been our chief source of supply for several months, and we have decided to offer you an interest if you will agree to work under our supervision."

Jessica drew a long breath.

Reppliер went to his room that night in a state of mind that baffles description and lay for hours gazing out into the white night.

Morning—the plantation bell sent its summons far out into the misty grayness. Alas, the fields of Bois d'Arc had passed to alien hands, but the old bell still swung and lifted its voice, as it had done when in answer to its call the dusky file went forth from the gates to toil for the master of Bois d'Arc. Somewhere away off a chorus of hounds responded, and fields began to fill with the cotton pickers.

Jessica was seated behind the urn as he sat down to Aunt Alisa's hot waffles and fried chicken. As he watched the small sunbrowned hands among the coffee cups the visions of the night came back in full force.

Reppliер had no excuse for prolonging his stay, but before Jessica drove him down to Aldana he managed to extract an invitation for the holidays from Miss Rebecca. Reppliер had touched her strangely with his half wistful remark, "Christmas is an empty word to me. I have never had a home."

Christmas eve, as Jessica came across the yard from the office, Reppliер met her with such honest gladness in face and voice that she forgot her scruples and welcomed him as gladly. A long, happy week, for Jessica, her guard once down, threw herself into the spirit of the hour. Reppliер found his crumpled rose leaf, however, in the person of Charlie Carrington, who was Jessica's shadow. "Too confoundedly cousinly," thought Reppliер as the swift days flew. He had never cared for dancing, but it was dull work to stand in the shadow while Jessica circled the room in Charlie's arms. But at last the round of dances and merrymakings drew to a close. Reppliер grew desperate. There was only one day left to him. If Miss Rebecca had earned his gratitude before she now had his undying affection in the hour when she pressed Charlie into service to drive her to the next plantation.

It was one of those dreary, midwinter afternoons, and the open fire flickered cheerily. Jessica commenced a furious onslaught with the poker. "Poking a fire is a positive stimulant on a day like this."

"Is it? Let me try it." He took the poker, and they knelt together on the broad hearth. A merry war of words and then a silence that neither of them dared to break. Jessica gazed deep into the heart of the fire, but Reppliер's eyes were on the dark curls. He could not see her face. As he dropped the poker she stretched out her hand to find it caught and held—"Jessica!" It was just a whisper, but the rich color went over her face, and the hand fluttered within the strong grasp that held it prisoner as he went on. "I know it is too soon, but I cannot go and leave my story untold. You know that I have loved you from the moment that I first saw you. I believe that I have loved you always. Above and beyond all law of caste, all difference of north and south, somewhere, somehow, you have belonged to me, and I want my own."

Outside the raindrops pattered against the long windows, then the neigh of a horse as Charlie and Miss Rebecca drove through the big gate. The brown head dropped lower, and the hand in his no longer struggled to escape. Quick to grasp his vantage ground, he drew the slight figure to him. For just the briefest time his lips sought hers; then, flushed and shy, Jessica retreated to the other end of the rug as Miss Rebecca, standing in the open door, read the end of the chapter.

One Way to Win a Wife.

James Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" has had a counterpart in real life. At least the resemblance is striking. He was a butler who for nearly twenty-five years cleverly managed the affairs of three Englishwomen, even to investing their money for them. Through all the years, although he knew how important he was to that little household, he never forgot that he was the butler and always preserved the most respectful attitude toward his mistresses. Suddenly, however, one morning he appeared before the women and "gave notice." He had saved up some money, he said, and wanted a home of his own. The household was appalled at the prospect. Finally one of the women gasped, "Have you met any suitable person?" "No, ma'am," answered the butler. "Not up to now. But I must make it my business to seek her." The three women felt the foundations of their domestic happiness tottering, and in desperation the most "suitable" of the trio asked the butler to marry her. After a pause he accepted her hand in his old respectful manner, and for twenty-five years longer, in the position of master, he stayed in the house where he had been for many years at service.

FRENCH MAY QUEENS.

A Pretty Custom Which Is Still In Vogue In Some Villages.

An ancient custom which still obtains in many villages in the south of France is a pretty variation of the choosing of the May queen with which we are so familiar. The mayor and six of his political officers choose from among the village maidens the most beautiful girl. As soon as the choice is made known the queen, dressed in white, even to a long white veil and a wreath of white roses, assembles with her parents and all the villagers in front of the mayor's house. Here he and six friends, dressed in frock coats and top hats, form in procession, the mayor and queen leading, and march to the church, where there is a short ceremony.

They then march back to the mayor's house, where a favored few are entertained at luncheon. When he proposes her health he enumerates her virtues, kisses her on both cheeks and hands her an envelope which contains the prize, $20 in money. But the ceremony does not end here. They form in procession, the band leading this time, and in a sort of "follow my leader" game walk through the village, up lanes and over hills for three hours. That evening a ball is given at the inn, where the queen dances first with the mayor and his six friends and afterward with the lads of the village, and so the celebration ends. The queen's white veil, with the veil and wreath, are carefully folded away and are brought out again only when she becomes a bride.

A HEAVY DIET.

What the Pikes In Tipperary Waters Like Most as Food.

There is a professional fisherman of my acquaintance in Tipperary who sells many pike during the winter months, for which he finds ready sale in the town. He told me of one customer of his who was in the habit of so beating him down in price that he felt justified in resorting to somewhat questionable means to increase the weight of his fish. In the manner of the winner of the stakes in the celebrated "Jumping Frog" sporting event, he would introduce some weighty substance into their interior, stones, bits of iron ruling, etc.

Once he went so far as to stuff two old hardless flatirons he had picked from a refuse heap down the gullet of one before taking it to his customer who, having weighed it carefully and, after much haggling, paid him a fraction less per pound for it than he might have perhaps obtained elsewhere. Meeting him next day, he was instantly aware there was trouble in the wind by the opening remark, "What do pike feed on, Paddy?" "Och and indade, your honor, but there's mighty little that comes amiss to thim lads," he answered, "Frogs and fish, sticks and stones they like well, but they would give their two eyes for dutrons."—English Country Gentleman.

The Value of a Sunny Soul.

The world is too full of sadness and sorrow, misery and sickness. It needs more sunshine. It needs cheerful lives which radiate gladness. It needs encouragers who will lift and not bear down, who will encourage, not discourage.

Who can estimate the value of a sunny soul who scatters gladness and good cheer wherever he goes instead of gloom and sadness? Everybody is attracted to these cheerful faces and sunny lives and repelled by the gloomy, the morose and the sad. We envy people who radiate cheer wherever they go and fling out gladness from every pore. Money, houses and lands look contemptible beside such a disposition. The ability to radiate sunshine is a greater power than beauty or than mere mental accomplishments.—Success.

The Best Qualified Graduate.

It is the custom of the graduating class of the medical department of Queen's university, Kingston, Canada, to designate by ballot the fellow student who they believe could be expected "to do the right thing under all circumstances." The successful student is honored with a special prize by the faculty. We believe that such a man is really the most capable of his class and if not identical with the gold medalist is probably his superior in all that goes to make up the scientific and successful practitioner.—New York Medical Journal.

Aloes.

The most valuable aloes come from the island of Sokotra, which lies just off the east African coast from Cape Guardafui. The drug itself is the bitter resinous juice of the leaves of the aloe plant that has been hardened in the sun. These leaves are of a fibrous, fleshy nature, and, in addition to the juice, the natives make this fiber into rope, many insisting that it makes a better rope than hemp.

Cause and Effect.

Mrs. A.—You say brandy is a good remedy for colic, but I don't agree with you. Mrs. B.—What do you know about it? Mrs. A.—A great deal. Before I had brandy in the house my husband never had colic more than once or twice a year, but as soon as I kept a supply he had colic almost every day.

A Different Thing.

"I didn't suppose that Cupid could move a stony hearted man like Jones."

"Cupid has nothing to do with it. Cupidity is what moved him."—Detroit Free Press.

Ambition is pitiless. Every merit that it cannot use is contemptible in its eyes.—Joubert.

Absentminded Jones

By CYRUS DERICKSON

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The sign on the village store read, "Jones & Co., Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Etc.," but there was no "Co." It was put on by Jones because he thought it would look well and somehow increase his importance. Sathiel Jones was Jones & Co., and the only Jones, and he was a mystery to all who knew him. He was a successful merchant, and at the same time he was so absentminded that he was daily laughed at by scores of people. His store was by all odds the largest establishment of its kind for miles around, and for many years he had had four male clerks in his employ. Then one day, to keep up with the times, he gave a place to a young woman, and Miss Minnie Trent made her debut behind the counter at which most of the women customers made their purchases.

In taking in Miss Minnie, Jones had aided a worthy widow and a smart and good looking daughter to eke out their income, and he deserved all credit for it. True, he called her Minnie or Miss Trent half the time, and there were occasions when he looked at her and wondered where he could possibly have seen her before, but he was a good employer and she a smart saleslgirl, and things went along without any trouble.

One of the three male clerks in the store was named James Thomas, and it was generally understood in the village that he was "sweet" on Minnie. Some said that it was through his influence that she secured the place, but that was not true. One of the other clerks was a bachelor of forty-five. Nobody could ever understand how he turned to mercantile life. He seemed to be as slow witted as he was slow footed, and his personal appearance was anything but prepossessing. It was doubtful if any other merchant except Jones would have employed him at any wages, but Jones wanted honest people about him, and he had the highest confidence in Albert Ross.

Things had been running smoothly at the store for months and months, when there came such an interruption as had never been known before. A woman lost a purse containing $50. There were not half a dozen people in the store at the time, and she was sure she had it in her hand when she sat down at the counter presided over by Miss Trent. Search was made at once and continued for half an hour. Jones had left the store five minutes before the alarm was raised to get an early dinner and attend a funeral, and he did not learn of the loss until several hours after. Then he proceeded to a judicial examination. He called in the constable and the justice of the peace, and the employees were examined and cross examined. The loser was firm in saying that no other person except Miss Minnie was at the counter when she missed her purse, and, although she made no charge, there could be but one inference. She herself was permitted to search the protesting and indignant girl, and a thorough search was made above and under the counters and all over the store, but nothing was brought to light. Then Jones did the right thing. He handed the woman $50, with his compliments and regrets, and said nothing further to the clerks. Nothing further would have been said by any one had not the woman talked.

Anything is a sensation in a village. The fact that $50 had been lost in Jones & Co.'s was a big sensation, bigger than a circus and a Fourth of July in one. People at once divided off. One half of them were sure that the daughter of the widow had yielded to the sudden temptation and concealed the purse for her future benefit. The other half charitably argued that some one else had picked it up or even that there had been no loss at all. Jones & Co. tried to pass the affair over and hush it up, but the people wouldn't have it that way. It was a good thing to hang on to until some woman eloped or some man stole sheep, and it became a leading and a burning question. It resulted in quarrels between neighbors, and those quarrels finally resulted in Miss Trent being called a thief and having to take legal cognizance of it by bringing a suit for slander. The defendant in that suit swore out a warrant for the girl on a charge of having appropriated the $50, and there was as pretty a kettle of fish as a town ever saw.

Jones & Co. and the three clerks were placed in an unfortunate position. While all of them fully believed in the girl's innocence, their testimony in a suit would hardly favor her. If the purse was lost at her counter, as the loser was ready to swear, then it must be admitted that only the two were there at the time.

Things certainly looked very bad for Miss Trent, and the mental worry had put her under the doctor's care, when a strange thing happened. Albert Ross, the old bachelor clerk, went before the justice of the peace and charged himself with the offense and made a full confession. In this confession he admitted to passing the counter while clerk and customer were busy looking at goods and to have seen the purse and slipped it into his pocket. He had destroyed the purse, but he was ready to restore the money. He asked to be arrested, tried and punished, and in the course of a week he was arraigned and bound over to a higher court for trial.

If there had been excitement before there was a sensation now. While Miss Trent's character was cleared, people hesitated to believe that Albert Ross was a thief. However, when a man says he is a thief, swears that he is a thief and demands that he be sent to prison as a thief, what are you going to do about it? The key to unlock the mystery was kicking around underfoot all the time, but nobody could see it.

The trial in the higher court came along in about a month, and Ross pleaded guilty and was sent to state prison for a year. He took the sentence meekly and in a couple of days had disappeared from sight of the people who had known him for fifteen long years and believed in his honesty every day. Miss Trent returned to the store, and things went on in the old way, except with Jones & Co. Jones did not for one instant believe the girl guilty. Neither did he believe that Ross took the purse. He went about scratching his head and talking to himself and trying to remember something, and it was one day after one of his "fits" had lasted him for half an hour that he suddenly jumped up and down and used a swear word. Next instant he clapped on his hat and started on a run for home, he being a widower, with a housekeeper. In fifteen minutes he was back at the store with the purse in his hand.

It was as easy as breaking eggs. Jones had passed the counter while the two women were looking at some garment. He had seen the purse and picked it up to hand it along to its owner. A clerk had called him at the moment, and he had started off. The purse had gone into his coat tail pocket, walked home to dinner with him, and when he changed his coat to go to the funeral it was left in the old one. Upon his return he had put on another, and so for weeks the missing money had been hanging in his wardrobe.

"Why did you do it?" asked Miss Trent of the homely and ill shaped old bachelor as he returned from prison with his character fully cleared.

"I—I thought I was guilty," he lamely replied.

"No! You thought I was guilty!"

"Not that, Miss Trent. I—I knew that James loved you and that you loved him and that—that"—

"Then you thought him guilty and sacrificed yourself for the both of us?"

"Well—er—well, you see, I'm getting old and homely—and I never expect to marry—and—er—well, it's all over with."

And so it was, except that the girl threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, and her tears dampened his wrinkled cheeks—the first tears and the first kiss since he was a baby in his mother's arms.

Making the Best of It.

"Talking about philosophy," said a noted author, who would never in the world forgive me if I mentioned his name, "reminds me of a man I used to know in Louisville. He raised hogs for a living, not because the hog, per se, is a thing of beauty, but because he had an idea that by nurturing hogs in a certain way he could make them pay better than any other crop.

"The idea was still in his mind when the hogs were ripe. He drove them to Louisville, but the price offered him did not seem adequate. He felt sure that over in Indiana—Indiana is a very cultured state—hogs of an exceptional kind would be more keenly appreciated. He drove the hogs to Indianapolis. The price there also was inadequate, so he footed it to Chicago with his crop. Some time late in the fall he returned to Louisville, still driving his hogs before him, and there he sold them for considerably less than the price he had refused in the beginning. Somebody expressed sympathy for him.

"'Well,' he replied, 'I've lost the whole summer, and I'm out a good deal on the cost of them critters, but I've had the society of my hogs.'"—Washington Post.

Coleridge's Visions.

Coleridge once read to his friend Cottle, the publisher, from his pocketbook a list of eighteen different works, not one of which he ever wrote. For many years he meditated a heroic poem on the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, and among other projected works were a "Treatise on the Corn Laws," a "Book of German Belles Lettres," a "Book of Morals," in answer to Godwin, an "Essay on the Writings of Johnson and Gibbon," a poetical pantomime and a "kind of comedy." "I should not think of devoting less than twenty years to an epic poem," he writes, "ten years to collect my materials and warm my mind with universal science." Five were to be spent in its composition and five with its correction. His tastes and inclinations were undoubtedly catholic, but persistent effort in any one direction was ill suited to the genius of Coleridge, and he was content with his books and his opium and consequent glorious dreaming.—Chambers' Journal.

The Girl and the Book.

See the young girl. What is the young girl doing? She is reading a book. Is it a good book? Well, that depends. The author of the book thinks it is a good one, and so does the publisher. So does the young girl. Are there any other books better than this? Yes, we think there are. But the young girl does not know about them, because they are old. Then this book is not old? Oh, no; it is new. That is why the young girl is reading it. See her turn the leaves. See her skip. See her eager expression. Should we all get the skipping habit and turn the leaves with an eager expression? Certainly we should if we wish to keep up with all the latest books. And it is a good thing to do this, is it not? Well, it is not the chief end of man, but it is of a lot of young girls.—Life.

A LOGICAL SAVAGE.

The Way He Silenced a Missionary In an Argument.

"I used to know in Australia an intelligent and interesting missionary," said an English nobleman. "He and I were talking one day about the natives of New Guinea, and he told me how one of these natives had stumped him in a certain argument. It seems that he had accosted the native and urged him to let himself be civilized.

"'But what good,' the native asked, 'will this civilization of yours do me?'

"'Well,' said the missionary, 'you will cease, for one thing, to idle all your time away. You will learn the delights of honest labor.'

"'What good will the labor do me?'

"'Through it you will gradually accumulate money, and in time, with frugality, you will possess much store of honestly acquired riches.'

"The native was still unconvinced. 'What good will the riches do me?' was his next question.

"'They,' said the missionary, 'will enable you to cease from work at last and to spend the rest of your days in well earned rest.'

"The native laughed.

"'It seems to me,' he said, 'that if I did as you say I would be taking a mighty roundabout course to get to the place I started from.'"

INDIA RUBBER.

Its Form of Structure Which Permits It to Be Elastic.

Modern physics teach us that the molecules of all bodies are in a state of incessant motion; that the intimate structure of matter is, in fact, a reproduction on an infinitely minute scale of the revolving suns and planets.

In gases and liquids this motion is most extensive in range, but in solids the movements of the molecules are more restrained, and they merely oscillate or rotate about a certain mean position, the range of motion being strictly governed by the attractions producing it.

If by the pull of an outside force the molecules are drawn out beyond the limit of their mutual attractions the body is broken, but within this limit it will recover itself when the pull ceases.

We may regard the particles of rubber as revolving in circles. When it is stretched these orbits become elliptic, returning to the circular form when released. As then this substance possesses a very wide range of variation of molecular distance without rupture it is eminently elastic.

DOCTOR OF DANCING.

This Title Was Given to Beauchamps by Louis XIV.

In France during the reign of Louis XIV. dancing took a very prominent position among court festivities, and many members of the royal family took part in the complex ballets of the time. Louis himself, no mean performer, took lessons for twenty years from Beauchamps, who was called the father of all dancing masters and upon whom the king conferred the title doctor as a special mark of favor.

Beauchamps had the honor of appearing as partner with the king in the minuet, a dance which was introduced in 1650 in France, and no court ball was opened in Europe for a century and a half without it.

About the year 1661 a royal academy of dancing was formed under the auspices of Beauchamps, Lulli, Moliere and others, the object of which was to elevate the art and check all abuses. Of this academy Beauchamps was chief, with the title of director.—London Telegraph.

A Story of a Scholar.

Theodor Mommsen, the famous historian, had not only the appearance but the manner of a scholar. Once during the half hour's drive from Berlin to Charlottenburg the car in which the professor rode went badly off the track. The rest of the passengers alighted, the horses were removed and the stranded car was left until help could be found. Mommsen remained, reading his book. An hour passed, and the sound of levers and jacks and the plunging of horses' hoofs aroused him from his reverie. With no sign of discomposure he arose from his seat and went to the door. "Ah," said he, "we seem to have come to a standstill."

Maine Counties.

The three original counties of Maine had good old English county names, York, Cumberland and Lincoln. Only two, Oxford and Somerset, have been similarly named since, all the rest having good American appellations. For the names of Androscoggin, Aroostook, Kennebec, Penobscot, Piscataquis and Sagadahoc find their origin among the aborigines, while Franklin, Hancock, Knox and Washington bear the names of distinguished Americans of the white race.

A Feat In Growth.

"I lost my foot in the war," said the tramp, "and I'm trying to raise enough money to get out to California."

"What do you want to go to California for?" asked the woman at the door.

"Oh, I've heard that there are things which grow a foot in a day out there."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Deceivers.

Miss Verjuice—What a shame it is how the men deceive us poor women! Miss Bluehose—They would never get a woman to marry them unless they did, my dear.—New Yorker.

In Luck.

First Citizen—Aren't you drinking a little more than usual? Second Citizen—Yes. My wife has a cold in her head and can't smell a blamed thing.—Albany Journal.

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The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

EMIL THAMM,

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

MISREPRESENTED

By

HOWARD FIELDING

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THE name I. John Lynde (as the gentleman always writes it) has a regal look. It suggests the old proclamations signed "I, the king." And, indeed, history is littered with kings who had not half his power or sphere of influence. He is the head of gigantic enterprises.

Edward Shoreham was not a beggar, but he felt himself to be a failure. He was nearing the age of forty. He had made money, though not very much, and had lost it. At the date of this narrative he held a minor executive position in a corporation so conservative that promotion therein was very slow. This corporation was closely allied with some of the big Lynde companies, but Shoreham felt that his own work was of microscopic size in the broad field of the great man's vision. Therefore when he woke one morning to find a personal communication from I. John Lynde waiting for him he was inclined to believe that he had not woken at all; that the incident belonged with the visions of the night.

The note was brief. "Please call at my office tomorrow (Wednesday) morning at 9 o'clock."

At 9 o'clock Shoreham presented himself at the potentate's office with an uplifted heart, but at fifteen minutes past 9 he was the most disappointed, perplexed and tormented man between the two oceans.

The ways of I. John are sudden as a hawk's. Everybody knows that. He selects men to serve him or dismisses the unworthy with a Napoleonic flash of decision. Therefore Shoreham was amazed beyond measure to discover that I. John had not made up his mind.

"I have an unknown friend as well as an unknown enemy," Shoreham said to himself as he left the office. "Somebody has spoken well of me, some one has spoken ill of me. I must thank the first and defeat the other."

Upon the matter of thanks he was not greatly in doubt. Though Shoreham had never met Lynde before he had the great good fortune to be acquainted with the mighty potentate's niece, Miss Alice Lynde. This young lady dwelt with her widowed mother in a style of great simplicity. Shoreham entertained for her a gloomy secret, despairing affection, and it was sweet for him to fancy that she had brought this good fortune within his reach. He called in the evening to express his gratitude.

In the parlor of Mrs. Lynde's house he was distressed to find a gaunt, weak kneed, silly looking and not altogether reputable young man named Lucius Trevor, a distant cousin of the Lyndes.

Shoreham had met Trevor several times and had paid no particular attention to him. Upon this occasion, however, it seemed that the fellow looked at him in a peculiar manner. Trevor soon took his leave.

As soon as Shoreham was alone with Alice he offered her his thanks for the event of the day, but she would not receive them.

"I have never spoken of you to my uncle except once, and then he asked me a few questions about you. Why, it was last evening!" exclaimed the girl. "I had forgotten."

"Did he mention Wilmot, Shoreham & Co.?" inquired Shoreham.

This was the firm whose brief, but eventful career in Galveston, Tex., had cost the junior partner all his money.

"He did," replied Alice. "And I was very glad that you had told me all

"YOU—YOU REALLY LIKE HIM?"

about it. The name was mentioned quite casually. But I took the opportunity to tell him that I understood the matter fully and that you were simply the victim of misfortune; that the failure of the firm came by no fault of yours, but through sheer ill luck."

"There can be no possible doubt that some one is working against me," suddenly observed Shoreham.

"But who would wish to injure you?" she exclaimed. "And who knows anything about it?"

"Nobody in this city," he replied, "except Dudley Drew."

"Dudley Drew!" exclaimed Alice, rising. "Why, he was at my uncle's house last evening."

"What in the wide world was he doing there?" cried Shoreham. "But let's be calm. Dudley Drew is the best friend I have on earth."

"Look here, my friend," said Alice, raising her dimpled chin, as she always did when especially earnest. "I will believe no such thing of Dudley Drew. I take your own word for him. It was through you that I came to know him and to admire him for an honest and loyal fellow."

Shoreham felt the blood rush to his face.

"You—you really like him very much?" he stammered. "I—I am glad."

"You express yourself enthusiastically," said she, with a laugh.

Shoreham arose and walked half way across the room and then returned.

"I was falling into a very old and common error," he said. "Really, Drew is not at all the man to take such an advantage of me."

"An advantage?"

"Miss Lynde, I am getting upon dangerous ground where I have no right to

THE TWO MEN TALKED FOR TEN MINUTES.

be. If this were a melodrama and I were one of the leading characters instead of being the meanest supernumerary on the stage there might be a plot here. But there isn't."

"I understand you perfectly," said she. "I am the leading lady of your play and Mr. Drew is the villain. You are very silly."

"I love you," said he. And it was the very last possible combination of words that he would have supposed himself about to utter.

The perfect mechanism of the speech, the complete surprise of it to himself, half stunned him. He stood there rigid, pale, desperate, yet incapable of action or even of thought.

In fact, he could not have done better. There was never a plainer picture of sincerity than he presented at that moment.

"I am glad," whispered the girl, her eyes suddenly brimming with tears; "I am glad."

"Mr. Dudley Drew," said a maid so startlingly close to Shoreham's ear that he nearly jumped over the back of the chair upon which his trembling hands were resting.

When Mr. Drew was ushered in there was nothing to indicate to him that he had interrupted a conversation of more than ordinary importance.

"Good evening, Miss Lynde," said he. "Good evening, Edward. I hoped to find you here."

"Yes?" said Shoreham, whose emotional balance was not yet fully restored.

"There's something in the wind for you, Edward," continued Drew. "You may know all about it, but I don't believe you do. I think it's in the bud yet. Anyhow, I'll tell my story if Miss Lynde will excuse me. It has to do with a member of her family."

"What did you tell him?" demanded Alice, coming straight to the point, in the way of the sex.

"Why," said Drew, somewhat taken aback, "I gave Shoreham a great send-off. Mr. Lynde is looking you up, Edward, and it means something big. He asked me if you hadn't made some rather serious mistakes in the matter of Wilmot, Shoreham & Co. I told him it was a plain case of hard luck and that you were all right."

When the men had left the house Drew said:

"I know your Nemesis. It's Trevor. He met me on the street and asked me to walk along with him to his uncle's house. I trailed along. We played some billiards, and he sprung old I. John on me. Trevor must have found out that I knew about the Wilmot-Shoreham case, and he hoped that I. John could get something damaging out of me. Well, he didn't."

About 5 o'clock on the following afternoon Shoreham was walking to his lodgings when his eyes beheld a spectacle that rooted him to the spot. Upon the opposite side of the street in earnest conversation stood Lucius Trevor and James Wilmot.

Shoreham had had no idea that his former partner was within 10,000 miles of that place. The last news he had heard of him was that the man had gone to New Zealand.

The two men talked for a matter of ten minutes, while Shoreham, unobserved, watched them from the other side of the street. When they separated he followed Wilmot and presently called him by name. They had not parted in a cordial fashion five years before, but they greeted each other like old friends, as is the way of the world.

This is what Shoreham learned in the ensuing conversation: That Trevor had in some unknown way discovered Wilmot's presence in the city and also the fact that the man was nearly penniless; that he had offered Wilmot various inducements if he would tell the story of the failure to I. John Lynde "in the right way," meaning thereby the way that would hurt Shoreham the most; that Wilmot had resisted this temptation and had not seen I. John, but instead had written him a letter praising Shoreham's honesty and business ability and asserting that only the hardest kind of hard luck had been the cause of the disaster.

"This is mighty good of you, Wilmot," said Shoreham. "Call on me tomorrow and I'll see what I can do to square it."

In the evening of this day he received a call from Dudley Drew, who came in a state of great excitement with an important piece of news. He had discovered what work it was that I. John had designed to put into Shoreham's hands, and both men spoke of it in tones of reverence.

Shoreham groaned.

"I'll never get it," he said. "Wilmot has turned up. Trevor has him in tow, and everything is going to blazes. And to think that this should have happened to a man in sight of heaven!"

"See Lynde again tomorrow. Go in and win!" exclaimed Drew. "Good heavens! Lynde knows the way of the world. He knows what hard luck is. Make him see what you were up against in that Wilmot-Shoreham affair."

"I will if I can," replied Shoreham, "but the chance looks mighty black to me."

On the following day Shoreham called upon I. John. He knew when he walked into the office that he had reached the crisis of his life, and he prepared to meet it with desperation appropriate to its aspect of finality.

I. John was smoking a very short end of a cigar.

"I want to ask you some more questions," said I. John. And then suddenly, "This isn't my usual way of doing business."

"I know it," said Shoreham, "and I am forced to conclude that you take a personal interest."

"Not a bad guess," responded Lynde. "It's a fact that I would like to give you this chance if I could, but I have the usual prejudice in favor of successful men. However, there may be circumstances which alter cases. Now, as to this affair of yours in Galveston. You had rather hard luck there, I'm told."

"My failure there," said Shoreham firmly, "depended upon a series of rather common errors, resulting largely from inexperience. I believe that I understand my mistakes perfectly now and that I shall never be caught in the same way again. There was no luck in it. If you have the time I will tell you precisely why Wilmot and I went to pieces and exactly where I myself was at fault."

"You are all right," he said. "This is all that I want to know."

Shoreham sank back into his chair with a faint gasp.

"I had looked you up," continued I. John. "I'd made up my mind that you

"THERE WAS NO LUCK IN IT."

were a strictly first class man. But at the last moment you were misrepresented to me by your friends, by my niece, Mr. Drew and others. I had a letter from your former partner, Wilmot, just before you called upon me the other day—very foolish letter, so foolish that I knew you couldn't have had anything to do with it, which was fortunate for you. It was all hard luck, hard luck. I guess the man was trying to tell the truth, but he told the same story that I'd heard from all sides. I said to myself: 'This fellow Shoreham hasn't learned his lesson. He thinks that he's all right and that circumstances are all wrong. I've got no use for that kind of man.' Still I remembered what my nephew had said to me."

"Trevor?"

I. John nodded.

"He told me that you had been an idiot in the Wilmot-Shoreham business and that you had admitted it to him."

"I never did," said Shoreham.

"Well, I rather hoped it was true," said I. John. "Anyhow, it was a good word for you. I like a man who knows when he's made a mistake and admits it, at least to himself. But blast a fellow who runs around telling everybody how unlucky he is! There's something wrong with him."

"I agree with you perfectly," responded Shoreham.

"And now," said I. John, "we'll close this matter up in two winks. By the way, are you engaged to my niece?"

"Not—not quite," stammered Shoreham.

I. John wagged his head slowly.

"Better close that bargain if you can," he said, with a dry smile. "She's a fine girl."

A Knowing Dog.

Traveler—Here, landlord, what's the matter with your dog? I've driven him away a score of times, but he always comes back again and sits close up to my armchair watching every mouthful I take. Do turn him out and let me have my dinner in peace. Landlord—Please, sir, my Carlo is such a knowing brute, I expect you have got the plate he generally eats off.

Considerate.

"Why don't you take me with you sometimes of evenings, dear? I get so tired of staying at home alone."

"Because I can't afford to dress you as well as myself. I don't want to be seen around with a woman dressed as you are."

Absolute Proof.

"Do you consider Whittles an honest man, Keene?"

"I know for certain that he contributes regularly to the conscience fund of the treasury department."

TRICOLOR AND COCKADE

Origin of the Historic Red, White and Blue of France.

Some seventy or eighty years before France was involved in the flames of the revolution—that is, at the epoch of the war of the succession when she was in close alliance with Spain and Bavaria—it was thought desirable to distinguish the allied soldiers by a cockade which combined the colors of the three nations—the white of France, the red of Spain and the blue of Bavaria.

To none of such incidents, however, would it be wise to attribute the origin of the historic tricolor and cockade adopted by revolutionary France. At the outset there seemed a likelihood that green, which Camille Desmoulins had popularized at the Palais Royal, would have become the national color; but men remembered in time that it was that of the livery of the Comte d'Artois, the most unpopular of the Bourbon princes, and it was thereupon discarded.

A proposition was then made to assume the colors of the city of Paris—blue and red, as Dumas reminds us in his "Six Ans Apres." To these was added the white of so many glorious memories, because it had been selected by the national guard—always faithful to the throne and its traditions.

Not until some months after the capture of the Bastille was the tricolor definitely adopted, when Bailly and Lafayette presented it to Louis XVI. in the great hall of the Hotel de Ville, and the convention issued a decree in which it was described as consisting of three colors—"disposees en trois bandes egales, de maniere que le bleu soit attache a la garde du pavillon, le blanc au milieu, et le rouge flottant dans les airs"—that is, in equal vertical sections, with the blue inward, the red outward and the white between.

This is the historic flag which Napoleon's legions, in conjunction with their eagles, bore victoriously from the Seine to the Elbe, the Tagus, the Borodino and the Danube, which they planted victoriously on the walls of almost every European capital—All the Year Round.

RUSSIAN PROVERBS.

Spin flax if you canst not weave silk.

Dull silver is better than shining brass.

Even the stupid man is clever enough to make an excuse.

He who receives too much praise grows donkey's ears.

No brass is prouder than that which has lately been coined.

If thou sarest snow is dirty, what wilt thou say about chimney soot?

Eat the honey thou canst find; drink the vermuth thou canst not avoid.

When the avaricious man has sold his forest he wants to sell the trees.

Do not look too long at the holes in your coat, but put patches on them.

When the nightingale's voice was praised the cart horse began to neigh.

The bees gather wax and honey. The avaricious man asks that they should also prepare his mead.

"What a pity to lose my splendid boat!" cried the ferryman as he and his passengers were drowning.

Dress Clothes For Foreign Travels.

"Here's a tip for you," said the man who has traveled to the one who is about starting for the other side. "Take your evening clothes, but if you are traveling light leave your frock coat suit at home. Even the Englishman of fashion no longer considers it absolutely necessary to appear in the daytime in his frock coat and silk beaver. For myself, a good serge is the thing in which to knock about the continent. The man who takes his frock and leaves his swallowtail at home is out of his reckoning. Over there at dinner, even in what we'd call a cheap lunch joint here, you'll find plenty of men carefully garbed in evening clothes. Dinner is a ceremony to dress for even though one be not rich."—Philadelphia Record.

Literature Versus Nature.

The essay naturalist observes and admires; the scientific naturalist collects. One brings home a bouquet from the woods; the other, specimens for his herbarium. The former would enlist your sympathies and arouse your enthusiasm; the latter would add to your store of exact knowledge. The one is just as shy of overcoloring or falsifying his facts as the other, only he gives more than facts; he gives impressions and analogies and as far as possible shows you the live bird on the bough.—John Burroughs in Atlantic.

Confined to His Room.

Benefactor—How is your husband now, my dear woman? Poor Woman—I am sorry to say, sir, he is confined to his room. Benefactor—Could I see him? Poor Woman—Possibly, sir, if you applied at the county jail.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

$14.00 Buffalo to St. Louis.

Tickets on sale each Tuesday and Thursday. Good Seven days. See Local Agents, or Write R. E. Payne General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland N. Y. For tickets to Chicago and all points west; call on A. L. Colegrove, Smethport.

Estray Notice.

Came to my premises about three weeks ago a large liver and white setter dog. Owner can have same by proving property and paying expenses. Otherwise dog will be disposed of according to law. ALPHEUS HAZEN.

Smethport, Pa., July 8, 1904.

Lost.

An open-faced silver watch with Katherine McGrath engraved on back, between residence of Jas. McKean and school building. Reward will be given if returned to this office or James McKean's residence.

Excursion July 31.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad Company will run a popular low rate excursion to romantic Portage Falls and the Historic Genesee river on Sunday, July 31st. The train will leave Smethport at 8:43 a. m., arriving at Portage Falls 11:30 a. m. Returning special train will leave the Falls at 5:15 p. m. and Olean at 7:15 p. m. This schedule will give excursionists over five hours at Portage Falls.

Tickets for round trip will sell at $1.00. Children between five and twelve years go at half rates. Tickets are valid for passage only on date of issue on special train in each direction.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership of Fry & Herzog has been dissolved by mutual consent. All accounts owing to said firm may be paid to Sanford L. Fry or William O. Herzog.

SANFORD L. FRY,
WILLIAM O. HERZOG.

Smethport, Pa., June 21, 1904.

Special Low Rates to St. Louis.

Permitting stop off at Chicago without additional cost. For full particulars see local agents or write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y. Or C. C. Lowry, T. P. A. Holland, N. Y. For tickets to Chicago and all points west, call on A. L. Colegrove, Smethport.

To People Who Have Only . . . .

$10.00

to spare, but need a whole "outfit," we offer for the balance of this month this

TREMENDOUS BARGAIN

A Suit	$10.00
A Hat	1.00
An Undershirt	.50
1 pair Drawers	.50
1 pair Socks	.15
1 Dress Shirt	.50
1 Linen Collar	.15
1 Silk Necktie	.25
1 Set Col. Buttons, etc.	.25

For $10.00 you will get goods amounting to $13.50.

The earlier you come the better the assortment to select from.

Wm. Monheimer,

Do Not Wait

until a leak appears in your water, steam or gas pipes before sending for the plumber. We will make a thorough inspection of your house from garret to cellar. This may save you a much larger bill later, and may be the means of preventing injury to your health.

We are specialists in Plumbing, Water, Gas and Steam Work, and you can rely on what we say in relation thereto.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. **Smethport.**

CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

J. R. FLICKINGER, Prin.

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Last year was the most successful in the history of this important school—about 700 students. Location among the mountains of Central Pennsylvania, with fine water, splendid buildings and excellent sanitary conditions make it an ideal training school. In addition to its Normal course it also has an excellent College Preparatory Department in charge of an honor graduate of Princeton. It has departments of Music, Elocution and Business. It has a well educated Faculty, fine Gymnasium and Athletic Field.

Address for illustrated catalog,

THE PRINCIPAL.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single and double, light and heavy harness.

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"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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Office, and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

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DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,

Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the deliocacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.

C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,

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This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

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Novelty Restaurant.

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